

# *THE American Girl*

MARCH 1946

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# THE American Girl

## CONTENTS for MARCH, 1946

### FICTION

The Secret Closet . . . . .	Marguerite Aspinwall 5
Clover Creek, Part IV . . . . .	Nancy Paschal 8
Hallelujah Day! . . . . .	Alice Cooper Bailey 12

### ARTICLES

Groundwork for Flying . . . . .	Edna H. Evans 10
Country Dancing Comes to Town . . . . .	Ruth Baker 14
It's a Neat Idea . . . . .	Hazel Rawson Cades 18
The Bedspread Makes the Room . . . . .	Nora Hammesfahr 21
Spring Seasoning . . . . .	Joan Tarbert 24

### FEATURES

Ladies in Waiting . . . . .	Phoebe Nichols 16
Easter Sleight of Hand . . . . .	Kay Hardy 26
Food for Friendship . . . . .	Harriett C. Philmus 28
All Over the Map . . . . .	30
Speaking of Cover Girls . . . . .	32
It's New! . . . . .	Lawrence N. Galton 33
A Penny for Your Thoughts . . . . .	36
In Step With the Times . . . . .	Lloyd Weldon 38
Speaking of Movies . . . . .	Priscilla A. Slade 40
Off the Records . . . . .	Joey Sasso 42
Radio . . . . .	Claire Auderley 44
Books . . . . .	Marjorie Cinta 46
Jokes . . . . .	49

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NUMBER III

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They watched as Don poked the knitting needle into the hole

# *The* Secret Closet

by

MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

**P**LUMP little Miss Martha Wayne tucked the amazing letter back into its envelope, and looked over the breathless group gathered on the porch at Old Farm.

Redheaded Peter Wayne, her nephew, said "Wow-w-wie!" on a long-drawn-out note, and for once in his seventeen years, words seemed to have failed him utterly. His alert blue eyes traveled from his cousin, Don Woodward, to Jill Howard, who was spending the summer on the adjoining farm, and both pairs of eyes were as incredulous as his own.

It was Jill who found her voice first. "A *secret closet* here at Old Farm!" she gasped, and swung about to face her grandmother, just behind her. "Gran, this place used to belong to Grandfather's brother, didn't it, before old Mr. Larkin owned it? Did you ever hear of any kind of secret hiding place?" She broke off to say apologetically,

"Of course I'm sorry poor Mr. Larkin died so suddenly. But this other thing's simply too fantastic."

Gran shook her gray head, and smiled a little at Jill's expression. "I certainly never heard of it—farmers don't, as a rule, have need of secret closets for valuables," she said dryly. "But of course it might have been built long before your great-uncle's time. This farmhouse dates back to Revolutionary days. Old houses sometimes have a great many surprising secrets."

"On the other hand, judging from this letter the manager of the Bannister Home wrote Aunt Marty," Don put in thoughtfully, "old Seth may have been just wandering in his mind, at the end. The letter's evidently written as a kind of forlorn hope that Aunt Marty, having just bought Seth's farm, might possibly know something about his family, and whether Seth had ever made a will or not."

Gran said with a touch of impatience, "They evidently hadn't known Seth Larkin long enough up there to find out he was the closemouthed kind who didn't tell his affairs. I know, as the rest of the neighborhood does, that he had one son, Jeff, who was killed in Italy, with the Fifth Army. I remember him as a little lad. He ran away from home when he was fourteen, soon after his mother died. He and Seth didn't get on. For the rest, I've never heard of cousins, even."

"And I certainly don't see why I should know if he'd ever made a will, just because I bought his farm," Miss Martha complained gently. "I met the man once, when we signed the deed of sale—and I can't say I cared much about his manners then."

"I met him once, too," Jill said, her face sobering. "You remember, Don? That time I went over to call on him, to try to find out why he was being so mean with that awful spite canal\* he'd dug between Gran's land and his, and I found him unconscious from a fall, with his supper burning up on the stove. He wasn't very pleasant to me, either—not even after I cooked him some fresh supper and bound up his head."

"Well, he's dead now," Pete declared bluntly. "And this old men's Home wants to return most of the entrance fee, because he died so soon after getting there. Just because he rambled on about a 'secret closet' at Old Farm, when he was dying, needn't mean there really is such a thing, I suppose."

"Still, there might be," Jill said eagerly. "And if it was on his mind, right at the end, it might have been because he remembered there was something of value left in it. Maybe he meant to come back here, after he was settled at the Home, and claim his property. Maybe—" her

voice trailed off dreamily, and her brows, that were several shades darker than her honey-colored hair, drew together. "I think we should make a thorough search," she announced firmly.

"It's a pretty big house," long-legged, nineteen year old Don demurred, dropping down on the porch step beside her. "It would mean almost taking the place apart, inch by inch. However—" His gray eyes lighted with a quick flame of excitement. "Might be kind of a lark, at that. But it'll take time," he warned the girl quickly, before she could break in. "Farms are busy places this time of year, and you know we're under contract

office. All heat and noise and city smells—ugh! It just about makes me sick," she said, dropping her voice so the others could not hear. "But I wouldn't have Gran or Mums guess how I feel for anything you could name."

Don looked frankly puzzled. "But you wouldn't want just to loaf all your life, would you, Jill?" he asked, faint disapproval underlying his tone.

"No, I wouldn't," the girl said with decision. "But even before I came East this summer, to stay with Gran while the store sent Mums on this South American business trip, I used to dream about some day living at Robin Hill and working with Gran. She really will need someone, after a few more years, Don. She's not getting any younger, and there's so much to be done if the farm's to be kept up."

"Well, why don't you—" Don was beginning, when she interrupted him again.

"What use would I be now?" she demanded. "I've been brought up in the city, I tell you. I hardly know a blade of wheat when I see it, and nothing at all of soils and fertilizers, and—and—why, take Gran's big apple orchard. She's made money out of that in the past, but now there are things that need to be done to it. It ought to be bigger, for one thing; and the farm could use some other kinds of fruit, too. But what do I know about it? I can wash dishes, and milk a few cows—not very expertly—and dig in a small vegetable garden. If I had the money I would go to the best agricultural college that admits women students, and after I had finished, maybe I would be worth something at Robin Hill."

"You mean—" Don drew a long breath, because the idea was so revolutionary it actually left him just a trifle dazed—"You mean you want to learn scientific farming?"

"Well, I can't, and that's that," Jill snapped. Her voice was suddenly not quite steady. "Can I ask Mums to continue using her hard-earned money to send me to school for maybe five years more, instead of one? Nope," she answered herself, trying to carry it off with a light air. "I'm headed for an office desk and a typewriter—and a much-needed pay envelope. And I'll try to be thankful for the last, anyhow."

**WHAT** are you two gabbing about?" Pete's voice demanded behind them in injured tones. "Not planning that search for the secret closet, are you?" he asked suspiciously.

"You know we wouldn't leave you out, Pete," Jill said warmly. "We weren't talking about the search, but we ought to. Where would you start looking first, up in the attic or down in the cellar?"

## COMING NEXT MONTH

Take it from Teekie, an unpaid bill can loom as large as the National Debt and don't let anyone tell you that raising chickens is an easy way to pay it off. Peeking as a poultry fancier is no job when the best-looking boy in Senior High is taken in by the hoax. Have a good laugh counting chickens with Teekie in

**Ulysses Was a Lady**  
by Florence Ostern Faulkner

to help your grandmother at Robin Hill, as well as working the farm here for Aunt Marty. We'll have to sneak it in, odd hours, as we can."

"I'm busy, too," Jill said defensively. "Men never realize all the work women do on a farm. Gran's been teaching me to milk this summer, and to churn, and make bread. And I work in the vegetable garden with her." She drew a long breath, and waved a sun-browned hand toward the fields that stretched away to the east woods. "I wish I'd lived on a farm all my life, as my dad did," she sighed. "I feel as though I'd spent sixteen useless, wasted years, living in California in a city, while my mother worked herself thin in a department store to support me."

"I don't think you ought to feel like that," Don said uncomfortably. "You had to have an education, you know. And you've said that as soon as you graduate from high school, you're going to get a job yourself."

"Of course I am—and do I hate the thought!" Jill retorted fiercely. "I want to be self-supporting and take the burden off Mums, but I haven't any special talents to cultivate. So that means I'll have to take a business course next year—my senior year in High—and after that be somebody's stenographer, in a poky city

Illustrated by DUDLEY WOODWARD

\* Spite Canal, THE AMERICAN GIRL, August, 1945.

No one had ever heard of the mystery of Old Farm.

But then, Seth Larkin was the closemouthed

kind—and old houses can keep very exciting secrets

"Top down, always. Start in the attic," Pete decided, and sat himself down on the step on her other side.

Dark, honey-colored, and red heads drew together in excited conclave. The treasure hunt was on . . .

Don had found a heavy nail projecting from one of the ceiling beams and hung the lantern from it. The lantern swayed gently for several minutes, and painted a moving circle of brightness over walls and floor in that end of the cellar.

It was the forenoon of the tenth day of a totally unsuccessful combing of the possible mysteries of Old Farm. Jill's eyes followed the light to the edge of the circle, where darkness began.

"It must be down here—if it's anywhere," she said. "We've searched every inch upstairs. Besides, the cellar's the logical place. Less danger of things being destroyed by fire down here. If there is a secret closet and Mr. Larkin wasn't just talking in a sort of delirium—"

"We're wasting time," Pete said impatiently. "This cellar's a big place, and we've got to fine-tooth-comb it. Let's each take part of a wall, as far as the light shines, and then move the lantern on to a new spot."

"O.K. And before we do, we'll give the floor a once-over, too," Don said, studying the area nearest him with narrowed eyes.

THE WALLS were of whitewashed brick, but in the course of years the bricks had chipped and settled. There were long cracks visible here and there, running in irregular lines from the lighted patch out into the darkness beyond.

Jill put an exploring finger on one of these and followed its course for several yards. "Oh—darn!" she wailed disgustedly, when the crack ran out into nothingness under her hand. "Anyway, there'd have to be straight cracks outlining a closet, wouldn't there? I can't see a single one that has any regular shape."

Her fellow searchers did not trouble to comment. Each was industriously concentrating on the surface assigned to him. But at the end of half an hour, during which they had not only gone over the walls, but the floor and ceiling surfaces too, all three had to acknowledge failure.

Don moved the lantern farther down the cellar, and picking out a new area of operations, they went to work again.

It was noon when they had covered the last inch of space—unsuccessfully—and Miss Martha came to the head of the cellar stairs.

"Dinner's ready," she called to them. "Mrs. Howard's here, and I thought it would be pleasant to eat out on the porch."

The two elderly ladies came down the steps cautiously, plump little Miss Martha first, and tall, angular Gran following her. Miss Martha was carrying a big flashlight of Don's.

"All right, let's wash up for dinner and forget it," Jill said in a tired voice. There was a smudge on the end of her tilted nose, and a longer one across one cheek. Suddenly she felt weary. "Old Seth must have been delirious, after all."

Don, holding the lantern higher, peered about the cellar. "I'll be right up," he said. "I was just thinking that the square-headed nail we hooked the lantern on first would be perfect to hang Aunt Marty's banjo clock on. Got a hammer handy, Pete?"

"There's one up in—" Pete was beginning, when Don's surprised voice from the other end of the cellar interrupted him.

"I won't need it. This nail's got a screw end. That's a wacky combination! I can twist it out as easy as turning a doorknob."

By the time the others had joined him, he had a long, spikelike piece of iron in one hand, and was holding the lantern so as to throw its light into a small hole that seemed to go away into the square beam.

"There's a kind of tiny button-thing in there," Don announced presently. "Anybody got anything long and thin that I can use to poke around with in there?"

Miss Martha said excitedly, "Knitting needle! In my bag out on the porch!" And Pete was gone like a flash, taking the cellar steps three at a bound in his hurry.

They watched, faces craning upward, while Don pushed the slim steel needle into the hole. He wiggled it back and forth experimentally a few times, and then pushed in, sharply.

A two-foot section of wood moved slowly, dropping down about three inches out of line with the rest of the beam. Amid a chorus of exclamations, Don turned the lantern over to Pete and reaching up, tugged.

The section came away quite easily in his hands, revealing that it had been held in position by a steel spring at either end, with sharpened points which clamped into the beam.

Pulling it clear, Don held it out for the others to see. It had been hollowed out inside, and the wood planed to a smooth finish. The space measured about six inches wide by eight deep, and ran the whole length of the section. At first glance it appeared to be full of dusty old papers.

Don lifted the single folded sheet that lay on top and they could see, as he spread it out, that it was covered on both sides with a fine, cramped, old-fashioned writing.

In larger letters, like a kind of title across the front page, was printed: "Last Will and Testament of Seth Larkin."

"He did make a will!" Jill cried, dancing around like a jack-in-the-box. "Is—do you think it's all right for us to read it, Gran?"

Mrs. Howard hesitated, glancing over at Miss Martha.

"I think no one has a better right," Miss Martha said promptly. "If we send it to that man at the Home, he'll read it fast enough. And somebody's got to find out what's in it, Susie," she pointed out

(Continued on page 32)







#### THE STORY SO FAR

Not even for a job in a nursery, working with the flowers she loved, not even for a chance to live in a house that seemed like a palace to a poverty-stricken country girl, would Betty Lee Carter give up her dog. Fortunately, the nursery owner, Mrs. Martin, had a dog-loving father, Elias Anderson, who persuaded his daughter to take Betty Lee on, dog and all.

At the end of the week Mrs. Martin's son Bob drove Betty Lee home so that she could give her salary to her mother; they found the family had moved to the coast where Mr. Carter had found a job. Heartbroken, Betty Lee plunged into preparations for Janet Martin's weekend visit. Sophisticated Janet treated the country girl as a servant and Betty Lee looked forward with mixed emotions to the party being planned for Janet's school friends. It proved worse than she feared, for Rompy upset the table in a fight with a neighbor's dog, breaking the punch bowl and ruining the cloth. Betty Lee, in despair, was running away from her disgrace when Bob, understanding her misery and suspecting her intentions, stopped her with the news that he had picked up a letter from her mother, which he refused to give her before the next morning.

#### PART FOUR

BETTY LEE, fuming, heard Bob cross the back porch and go into the house. Oh, he was mean, to keep the letter from her mother! Tears of rage and self-pity streaked her cheeks. She went in and dropped down on the bed, laid her face against the pillow. What was in the letter?

When she opened her eyes, it was morning. She sat up blinking. She had slept all night in her pretty dress. A drizzle was falling. Thunder rumbled. A fine time it would have been for taking to the road! Then she remembered the letter. She jumped up, found coveralls, socks, and shoes. In the bathroom she took off the unfortunate dress.

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER

March, 1946



# Clover Creek

As she was coming out of the bathroom she met Mrs. Martin, in a robe.

"Will you fill this hot-water bottle for me?" Mrs. Martin greeted her. "Dad's taken cold. And will you start the coffee, please?"

Betty Lee filled the hot-water bottle and took it to Mrs. Martin. Then she prepared breakfast, and carried Mr. Anderson's tray to him.

"He'll have to stay in bed," Mrs. Martin told her later, in the kitchen. "He's worn out." She poured their coffee and sat down. They ate, and not a word was said about Betty Lee's conduct, or Rompy's. Betty Lee kept thinking of the letter from her mother, and when Bob came in and handed it to her, she tore open the envelope eagerly. Her mother's handwriting brought an ache to her throat.

Betty Lee, are you all right? I am worried sick about you. The day your father started to work here, a truck knocked him down. He is in the hospital with a fractured leg. I have work in a nursery where I can take care of my own babies with the others.

Here is a money order for bus fare, and our address. Write at once. Margaret is running the house. Jimmie has a paper route. I pray for you.

Love,

Mother.

Excited, Betty Lee handed the letter across the table. Mrs. Martin and Bob read it.

"Who is Margaret?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"My oldest sister. She's fourteen."

"And Jimmie?"

"He's twelve."

"You're mother's a fine woman. You'd better write at once."

"I feel I ought to go to her," Betty Lee confessed.

"Why don't you send money instead?" Bob suggested.

She blushed. "I wanted to help buy another punch bowl and tablecloth."

Mrs. Martin said, "That's of no importance. Besides, I need you, with Dad sick."

"You want me to stay?"

"Naturally!"

She sent Mrs. Martin a worshipful smile. "You're so good."

"I'll add a line to your letter," Mrs. Martin offered. "Your mother will be

better satisfied about you if I write."

"I sure will appreciate it," said Betty Lee. She was happier than she had ever imagined she could be.

She wrote a long letter, and Mrs. Martin added a page. Bob planned to go into the village and catch the bus for school next morning. He would show Betty Lee the post office; she could cash her money order, and send a larger one to her mother. But that would be tomorrow.

"The seed pods of that coral-colored flower ought to be ripe," she told Mrs. Martin now.

"Won't you get wet? It's misting."

But Betty Lee loved the mist. Bob and Rompy went with her.

"I found out who untied Rompy last night," Betty Lee confided.

"Who?" asked Bob.

"Mr. Anderson."

Bob whistled. "He didn't know that stray was around."

"I didn't tell him that, nor what happened, either."

They crossed the side road and went into the field.

"I'll be glad when I can take over that farm," Bob said.

Betty Lee sighed. "I'm crazy about farming."

Bob laughed. "I believe you're as sold on it as I am!"

They stopped at the edge of the loamy ground.

"Everybody ought to have a good or-

chard," Betty Lee declared. "Plums will be ripe soon. Your mother promised I could put hers up."

"Jelly won't be fit to eat, I'll bet," Bob grinned.

Betty Lee made a face at him. Plum jelly was her specialty.

"Notice how this ground slopes?" Bob pointed out. "It's perfect for irrigation."

She gauged the distance to Clover Creek. "Doesn't it ever overflow?" she wondered.

"Not much any more. But before they put in the levee upcountry, the floods through here were almost as bad as they are in the river bottoms."

They discovered a rain cloud then, and decided they'd better hurry. Betty Lee found the plant, and wrapped its ripened seed pods in a scrap of paper. Rompy dashed home ahead of them. They pounded up the back porch just as a downpour rattled on the roof.

"We had a good time," thought Betty Lee.

NEXT morning she put on her blue dress and beret and went with Bob across the bridge, to the village beyond the crest of the hill. Clover Creek, they noticed, was bankfull. Bob caught his bus, and Betty Lee sent her mother a money order. In the general store she bought herself a pair of low-heeled pumps. She walked out with only two quarters and three pennies left.

Mrs. Martin approved her purchase. So did Elias, who was still in bed.

"I had a phone call from Janet," Mrs. Martin said. "They've decided on the date for her program—a week from tomorrow. She'll have to buy a new formal. I'd better be looking in the teapot."

It was clear that Mrs. Martin and her father had to think twice before they spent money. In meditative mood, Betty Lee put the new shoes away, and changed from the blue dress to her cotton print. Heavy drops began to tap-tap on the roof. If it rained much more, Mrs. Martin might wonder what she needed with a botanical assistant! Betty Lee went back into Mr. Anderson's room.

"You'll enjoy hearing Janet sing," Mrs. Martin told her.

"Will I get to go?"

"We're all going," Mr. Anderson declared.

"What shall I wear?" asked Betty Lee excited at the prospect of a concert.

(Continued on page 19)



Betty Lee saw her mother's handwriting and a big homesick lump came up in her throat



An expert instructor explains what makes an airplane tick

# GROUND WORK FOR FLYING

The Civil Air Patrol offers air-minded boys and girls of high-school age a fine, free, preflight course of training. Maybe it's just what you're looking for

by  
**EDNA H. EVANS**

**A** PERSON can't run until he's learned how to walk, can he? Or spell before he knows the alphabet? Did you know that it's exactly the same with flying?

A pilot must work long and hard on the ground before he's ready to climb into a plane and take the controls in hand. He has to acquire a solid foundation of knowledge before he's an intelligent master of his flight machine—before he knows what he's doing, and why.

But perhaps (though you can hardly wait to fly) you're aware of all this, and the very thing you're looking and longing for is a chance to get some basic groundwork! If so, perhaps the CAP can help solve your problem.

CAP—short for Civil Air Patrol—is an

organization that grew out of the war. It was founded on December 1, 1941, to mobilize civilian airmen and airwomen all over the country for war-time service. Calling themselves "Flying Minute Men," these people pooled their time, experience, planes, and equipment, and rendered great air service all through the war years.

In the months before Pearl Harbor, for instance, CAP pilots patrolled our borders and shores. They stood ready at all times to fly in search of lost Army and Navy planes. They flew countless miles with important military messages, and helped immeasurably with the training of fighter pilots by towing targets and tracking for guns and searchlights. They flew on relief missions in time of flood and disaster. They transported blood plasma for the Red Cross, and—as a sort of aerial home guard—did everything from rounding up lost cattle to patrolling for forest fires.

SO efficient were its services that, in 1943, the CAP was adopted by the War Department and named an auxiliary branch of the United States Army Air Forces. As such, it kept right on growing and now—a lively national organization with wing commands in all forty-eight States—it's continuing its duties and services in the days of peace.

And here's where you come in. For one of the CAP's most exciting services—and one that's continuing in the postwar period—is its Cadet Training Program. "Which is what?" you ask.

"It's a free-of-charge, preflight course of study," we answer, "aimed to give seriously air-minded boys and girls of high-school age a comprehensive groundwork of aviation knowledge—a rock-bottom foundation upon which more specialized training may later be built. And yes, it's free—a two hundred hour course that would cost about a thousand dollars at a commercial school, if it were available at all!"

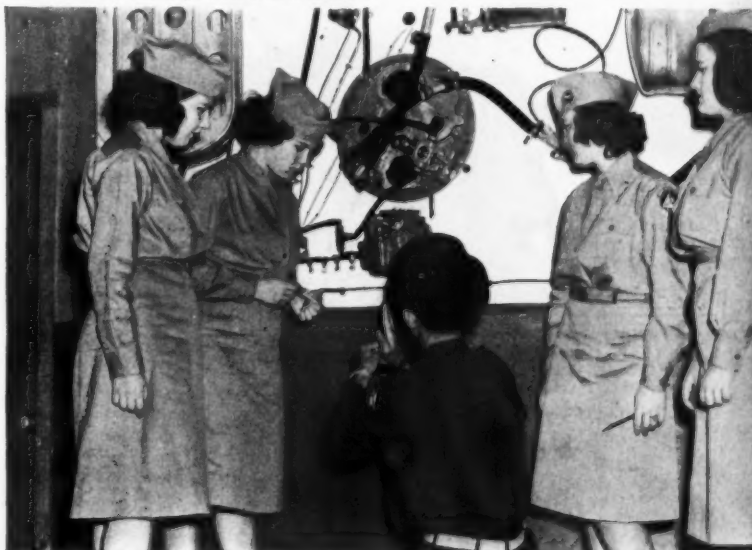
(Continued on page 35)

Cadets learn basic facts of engine assembly



In Morse Code classes, cadets learn to send and receive messages proficiently

Photographs by Lodwick School of Aeronautics



A complex fuel system seems simple—thanks to an Army training device

Pilots must know navigation. These girls learn how to correct for wind drift



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# Hallelujah Day

by ALICE COOPER BAILEY

**T**OPSFIELD, where Katrine Ruyter lived, was one of the most beautiful and one of the most famous old houses in Buxton County—in all Pennsylvania, for that matter. American history books even mentioned it. The main part of the house, and both ells, were of red brick with white trimmings, and there was a wide front porch colonnaded with tall white pillars. Indoors the rooms were enormous, and there was a sweeping staircase spiraling to the second floor. Built in 1769 by Katrine's great-great-great-great-grandfather, Cornelius de Ruyter (as the name was first spelled), it had been commandeered by the Tory General Whitehead, during the Revolutionary War, as headquarters for the British. Later it had reverted, unharmed, to the Ruyter family.

All of which was very well, Katrine thought one morning as she sat at the old Governor Winthrop desk in the library, poring over the big ledger in which she

Katrine displayed her sketch for the tea-house sign. "Good Food and Good Cheer," it said





## Katrine had just about given up hope of going back to college when she remembered old Cornelius' favorite theory—"Open your eyes and help yourself!"

kept the family accounts. But living in such an old house meant that they were forever having to have it repaired. Unless a miracle happened she might as well make up her mind that she couldn't go back to college this year anyway.

Katrine was barely eighteen, but because of her flair for figures, when her father had died the previous year her mother had handed over to her the problem of keeping the family budget.

Her mother came to the door of the library now and questioned, "How are you getting along, dear?"

Without looking up, Katrine replied, "No matter how I add two plus two, it still makes four, *not* five."

"Well, I don't see how Gage can go to New York," Mrs. Ruyter said. "After all, she isn't quite sixteen. It seems to me that she could wait another year."

Katrine turned to her mother, a half-humorous expression in her red-brown eyes. "I guess you've forgotten what Tina Feodorvitch had to say about *that*."

Gage's singing teacher had said that the girl's voice was unusually promising, that she should go to New York for further training. When Tina Feodorvitch, the Russian singer, had given a concert in town, he had managed an audition for his star pupil, and the famous soprano had been more than enthusiastic.

"Madame, I implore you," she had said to Mrs. Ruyter, "send your daughter at once to New York to study. Wizout ze r-r-right teachair, she will r-r-ruin her mos' beautiful voice."

It was then that Katrine had seen her own dream of returning to college in the fall vanishing into thin air. She had to admit that in comparison to the future which lay before Gage, her own choice of the architect's profession seemed dull. But she had wanted to help, now that the war was over, to rebuild the world again. England, France, Belgium, Holland—there was so much to do.

In answer to Katrine, Mrs. Ruyter now said with a wan smile, as if it was all too much for her, "Well, darling, if you can figure it out—" Her voice trailed off in a distracted sigh as she continued on her way to the kitchen to talk over the day's menus with Mandy. Once Topsfield had been full of servants—Lucindy May, Joe, Marcie—but now there were only Mandy and Mandy's son, Oliver, who took care of the chickens and the vegetable garden.

As soon as her mother had gone, Katrine picked up her pencil again, and with a broad, firm stroke, although her hand trembled a little, crossed out in the ledger, under the heading EDUCATION, the item: Sophomore Year Col-

lege, \$1168. Then she got up quickly and went to stand under the portrait of her great-great-great-grandfather which hung over the mantel, as if looking at his strong, stern face would somehow give her courage.

Old Cornelius, builder and first owner of Topsfield, was Katrine's favorite ancestor. She didn't look unlike him, herself. She had the same broad forehead, the same red-flecked brown eyes set a little on the bias, the inner corners pointing to a short, straight nose.

Katrine liked to think that her own keen desire to become an architect was a direct heritage from this sturdy Dutchman. She knew his story by heart. A mere boy, newly orphaned and with scarcely a shilling to his name, he had come from Holland to America as an apprentice to the firm of Stuart and Webb, Architects. Eventually he was made a member of the firm, to become known as the most noted designer of houses and buildings in the New World.

Standing there under his picture, Katrine recalled old Cornelius' theory for his outstanding success. "Open your eyes, *and help yourself*."

FOR THE NEXT two weeks Katrine had little time to think about herself. The whole house was in a flurry of excitement, getting Gage ready to go to New York. It was well into June when she actually left. The entire family, including Mandy and Oliver, were at the station to see her off. Katrine made her mother and her young brother Cornelius, who had inadvertently discovered the fact, promise they wouldn't tell Gage yet that she, Katrine, was staying at home this next year. She herself, however, was nearly caught off guard when Gage, suddenly overwhelmed with nostalgia at leaving, called from the train platform, "Stop and see me, Katrine, on your way back to Cambridge in the fall!"

Katrine choked back the words that came in a rush to her lips and managed to stammer, "I'll—I'll let you know later." The train was already pulling out, and she was glad Gage was too far off to see the tears that welled up in her eyes.

Being imbued with something of old Cornelius' sturdy spirit, she didn't sit down to mope. Instead, as soon as the house had settled down again to its usual tempo, she took stock of herself. Maybe she could get a job as stenographer, or a clerk in a department store. But that meant carfares to and from the city, and



At the door stood thirty hungry soldiers! "I only had to invite them once," said Corn

the returns wouldn't be enough for any real solution to her problem.

Curiously enough, the idea of turning Topsfield into a teahouse came to Katrine one afternoon about a week later, when Cornelius, rushing into the house, shouted, "I smell gingerbread, and am I hungry!"

Mandy's chuckling voice answered, "It sho' does smell good! Um-um! Ah make it from the same ole recipe."

The same old recipe, Katrine thought. "Open your eyes, and help yourself!" Why hadn't she thought of it before? Mandy was the best cook in Buxton County. Topsfield was on the direct road to Philadelphia. They had their own chickens and vegetables.

Grabbing up a pencil and pad, she sketched the design for a sign she hoped would soon be luring the passing world to their door. It was a coach and four in silhouette. Above it she printed the name TOPSFIELD; below, Good Food and Good Cheer, and the date 1769. A few minutes later she was eagerly explaining to her mother, "The blacksmith's quite a craftsman. He could make this easily."

Mrs. Ruyter's face wore an expression of dismay. "But Katrine, I can't bear to think of strangers at Topsfield!"

"It's better than having to sell Topsfield for unpaid taxes," Katrine reminded her. "And we won't have to use the whole house—only the ell and kitchen."

"But food these days is so—so difficult."

"Yes, I know, Mother. I've thought of all that, but there're the jellies we put up last year, and already this summer we've canned a lot of vegetables. Besides, we have our own chickens and eggs, and the cherry trees have never been so full of fruit. Mandy's cherry pie is perfection."

(Continued on page 47)

Illustrated by EDWARD CASTRO



# COUNTRY DANCING

*Comes to*

# TOWN

by RUTH BAKER

Good-bye to high heels and slinky black dresses! This kind of dancing is strenuous business and calls for loose, comfortable clothes. So get out your dirndls and dungarees, join that Succotash Quadrille—and swing it!

The old town hall shakes when the call is "Swing Your Partners!" Gents hold ladies in waltz position, but well out to right



For a "contra" dance, partners stand opposite each other in two lines. Couple here goes "down the center and back"



Photographs by Jerry Cooke—Pix

**When Uncle Sam was in his teens, jigs and polkas and quadrilles were all the go. Now these good old dances are staging a comeback—taking the nation by storm!**



**N**O doubt about it—country dancing's here to stay, and if you're not up on your jigs and reels and polkas and quadrilles, it's time for you to get wise and start swinging your partner. You've felt the countryside shaking on Saturday nights lately, haven't you? That's from all the up-and-coming people thronging out to enjoy this very great, very gay, and very American rediscovery. From California to Maine and all the way back again, in village halls and city apartments, they're burning off their heels as they swing and clog and balance and shuffle their way through the "Portland Fancy," "Lady of the Lake," "Morning Star," "Chase the Squirrel," and all the others.

Oh, so you think we're being a little on

the old-fashioned side? Not a bit—not unless you call your newest hair-do old-fashioned, or this week's number-one song hit. Of course you're partly right. Country dancing is *old*, older than the oldest village green in America, older even than Plymouth Rock, maybe. But never old-fashioned—not on your life. Country dances are as modern and lively as the lively, modern people who dance them, and every single Saturday they grow and change, these dances do, as more smart and happy performers add their own special twirls and whirls to the old ones.

**T**O START from scratch, everyone should know that the term "country dancing" really covers three separate kinds of dances: the squares, the circles, and the contras. Square dances are done by four couples standing in square formation (naturally), one couple to a side, all facing the center of the set. Ever hear of "Birdie In the Cage" and "Duck and Dive"? They're two fine squares. When it comes to the circle dances—like "Portland Fancy" and "Soldier's Joy"—a large circle is formed, made up of small squares, called sets, of four, six, or eight people. Last, but by no means least, are the contras. Here the partners stand facing each other in two opposite straight lines. Best known of this type is the "Virginia Reel."

But I can see you're not going to be convinced by all my facts and figures, so why not come along with me to my favorite New Hampshire town, famous for its mountains, its fine old houses, and most of all, its country dances? In fact, why don't we pretend that it's almost eight o'clock on a Saturday night, and that here we are, right by the old town hall? The junket's about to start, so let's go in and get a seat on the old bench by the pot-bellied stove, and see what gives!

The dancers are mostly all here now—



One of the most important personages at a country-dance party is the "prompter" who calls out all the turns and changes

the fat and the thin, the tall and the short; the mothers and fathers, children, and old-maid aunts, and girls and boys. Up on the musicians' platform, see the fiddler tuning up? And look at the bald man fixing to sit beside him on the overturned bucket. He's the village postmaster and the best accordion player we ever heard.

And yes, here's the prompter—the most important man at a country dance. He's the one with the lumber jacket and the megaphone. You'll hear him call the instructions for all the turns and changes. He's a singing caller, with rhymes all his own, and never twice the same, either. When he's calling a dance no one can ever catch a nap, for there's no knowing when he'll throw in a sudden *Ladies, Chain!* And woe to the dancers who get even the slightest bit ahead of his directions! Our caller has a hundred and one turns right on the tip of his tongue which will show up such poor etiquette in a twinkling. Six nights of the week he babies his throat as though it were Sinatra's, but come Saturday and he'll prompt right through till midnight, each time louder and funnier than the one before. Of course we don't take him literally when he roars:

"Turn your partner twice around  
"Kick her in the shins and knock her down!"

or

"Swing your own girl by and by  
"Poke the next one in the eye  
"Kiss the next one on the sly  
"Meet the last and pass her by!"

(Continued on page 17)

Keep careful time to the music, obey the caller promptly, practise the hard turns at home—and there'll be no stopping you!





# Ladies in Waiting

by Phoebe Nichols



Do meals you serve have long, dull pauses?  
Investigate, see what the cause is!  
A serving table near the door  
Might help—in fact that's what it's for.  
But, somewhere, have a tidy spot  
For things you'll need as like as not.  
Anticipate means plan ahead.  
What will you need—more milk, more bread?  
Large serving spoons, a cloth for crumbing?  
Have them ready. Keep things humming!

One law holds the world around,  
(At least where waitresses are found.)  
It's good at breakfast and at night  
And this is it: *clear from the right!*  
But serving up a tasty dish?  
Go to the person's *left* for this!

After the vegetables and meat,  
And just before you bring the sweet,  
Remove the peppers and the salts.  
The extra knives and spoons and forks.  
Collect them on a tray or platter—  
(A doily on it dulls the clatter.)

A girl who's waiting on the table  
Should look as well as she is able.  
Clean face and hands and nails, we trust,  
And every hair in place a must!  
Her footsteps should be quick and light;  
Her manner cheerful; apron white.  
The plates she sets down carefully.  
Has she a thumb? You'll never see!

When pouring into glass or cup  
Just let it sit—don't pick it up.  
And *never* fill it to the top!  
That just means spills—a stain, a spot.  
To catch the drips from pitcher's chin  
Have on hand a clean napkin.

The time to dust, to sweep the floor  
Is *after* dinner—not before!

In clearing off the whats and whiches  
Take platters first; then serving dishes.  
Next, you remove the dirty china  
From the right side of every diner.  
Scraping, stacking?—Heaven forbid!  
(That is, at least, till you are hid.)



Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE





## Country Dancing Comes To Town

(Continued from page 15)

You're wondering how anyone knows what all that really means? It's perfectly simple—he's just trimming up the plain changes a little. And by the way, while we're sitting here waiting for the Grand March to start, why don't we go over one or two of the basic principles of the dance? If you learn these and practice them at home until your feet will obey the prompter's orders quickly and correctly, you'll be a good risk as a country-dance partner. Practically anywhere, too—here in New England, in the dude ranch country, in the Great Smokies, and in many another country of this world where the universal language of the dance is spoken.

**Salute, Honor, or Address:** This just means to bow, and is the way most dances start. From here out, dance-floor small talk won't be one of your worries!

**Balance:** Partners both point right toe, then left toe.

**Circle Four, or Four Hands Around:** This means that four people join hands and circle to the left. It may be called for any number of persons.

**Forward and Back:** Partners walk forward to the center, then back to their original position.

**Allemande Left:** Nothing hard about this one either. Holding left hands, circle around your partner once, then back to place.

**Do-Si-Do:** Everyone knows this—couples pass forward, walk around each other back-to-back, and return, still walking backward, to original position.

**Swing Your Partner:** This one can get strenuous! The best way to swing is to stand in a waltz position with your partner, with the outsides of right feet touching. Then, using the left foot as a paddle and the right foot as a pivot, start spinning.

**Grand Right and Left:** Just weave hand-over-hand around the circle. Ladies move to the right, gents to the left, taking partner by the right hand, next person by left hand, next by the right, and so on. If your favorite boy isn't your partner, you're bound to meet him doing this change.

**Promenade:** Couples march around the set counter-clockwise, each person with his arm around his partner's back. Many a dance ends with this call:

"Promenade all  
"Around the hall  
"You know where  
"And I don't care!"

There are lots of other calls, of course, like *Chassez right*, *Cast off*, and *Ladies chain*—but my list will send you off to a sound start. Remember, if you really master these individual changes in the privacy of your own boudoir, you'll find you can hold up your end of many a complicated-looking dance in public. Remember, too, that the lady always stands at the right of her partner, and that "head couple" simply means the couple standing nearest, and with backs to, the music. Another tip: it's a wise beginner who stands second, fourth, or sixth in a contra dance or takes the side-couple position in a square, for in that way you'll have a chance to see the head couples go through the whole operation first. If you watch carefully you'll

be able to give a brilliant duplicate performance without much trouble.

Don't be ashamed to go slow in your first public appearance—even to walk or dogtrot out the changes. Don't feel you can mimic the man over there with the rolled-up overalls, who's giving out with elbow jerks and ballerina knee twists. Just remember that he hasn't missed one of these Saturday night dances since he was a babe in arms! No, wait until you really, really know what's what before you start adding your own little touches. Then let your country-dance personality bloom in every direction—any direction, that is, which doesn't interfere with the progress of the dance. For country dancing has it's good manners, too—based, like all etiquette, on consideration and common sense.

But really, did you ever hear such music? The old mountain must be rocking, and the saying is that on a Saturday night, when there's no moon, you can hear the old-timers who lie in the village burying ground tapping out the rhythms with their boots against the tops of their coffins! But who's going to listen for that gruesome sound when she's plunked down her twenty-five cents admission fee, and the musicians are rattling off "Haste to the Wedding" right here in the warm, bright hall?

**TO BE** a good country dancer it's important to listen to the music. If you are careful about that, and follow the prompter's calls at the same time, you'll automatically be finishing each step in the right number of beats. Which is how many? As a general rule it works out to two steps to the bar.

From that bright, shiny look in your eye, my guess is that I've won my point, and I'll even bet my bottom dollar that you're wondering right now if any dances like this are held in your home town. Nine chances out of ten there's at least one—in a community center, a library hall, or a parish house. There might even be a country dance society with a listing in the telephone book and welcome on the doormat for new enthusiasts. But if not, why not run a small-sized junket (to start with) right in your own house? Just invite four or more couples, push back the living-room furniture, get the cokes on

ice, and wind up the victrola. By getting a book or two from the library you may learn enough to handle the calling yourself, but don't take it too hard. Most of the big record companies put out country dance albums, complete with calls and not too expensive, which will fill the bill. If any of your girl guests ask what to wear to your party, tell them dirndls and peasant blouses and sneakers are in order. The boys will soon discover that dungarees and plaid shirts are Roger for them.

**ONCE** you and your friends get a little experience at running your own private country dance parties you'll be ready to go at it in a community way. Clean out your barn or take over the Scout Hall; charge a small admission for the benefit of your troop's summer camp fund, perhaps. There's no knowing where you'll end up, as more and more people in your town discover that dancing the good old dances to the good old tunes is just about the most fun going. As your treasurer's report grows larger, perhaps you'll want to put away the victrola records and hire a real live musician or two, and even a professional caller—unless one turns up right in your midst! With that grander setup you can rightly charge a little larger admission fee, and still the crowds will come, and by that time maybe you'll be running two dances a week and the gigantic dimensions of your gate receipts will begin to remind you of the National Debt!

But we don't mean money's everything—think of the just plain fun it'll be for everyone concerned. And the good neighboring—you can tell it's hit your town when you see the veddy veddy British grandmother of the kids next door swinging it with the Polish boy who shovels the sidewalks, and the bank president relishing a promenade with your little sister—is perhaps most important of all. You'll see that country dancing is worth while because it calls for all the skill and control and energy and looseness and boisterousness that anybody ever had.

But why don't we stop all this theory talk. Let's go home and get down to business and start practicing swings!

THE END



Courtesy of Collier's



**I** LIKE the word "neat." For such a small, trim word it packs a lot of charm. There was a time, I'll confess, when it irked me. "Be sure to leave your room neat"; "That isn't a very neat-looking arithmetic paper"—you know.

But nowadays I'm very much attached to the word—perhaps because people have been using it in a different way. When *you* say a quip is neat or a hat is neat, you mean that it's apt, it's smart, it's in the know. If you look up neat in the dictionary you'll find that Mr. Webster says that it comes from a Latin word which may be translated as "brilliant, sleek, elegant."

In writing about good looks I find "neat" very useful, because I believe that beauty is largely good grooming—and good grooming is mainly neatness, both tidy and elegant.

It's very hard to get a reputation these days as a lovely-looking girl unless you look neat in every sense of the word, and if you want to look that way, you really have to *be* that way. It doesn't matter how becoming your hair style is if your hair isn't shining clean, and if it isn't brushed so that it gleams and keeps its shape. It doesn't do you very much good

if you pick a becoming lipstick and then make a messy job of putting it on.

Training a hair-do so that it keeps its shape and doesn't go to pieces an hour after you've combed it takes time and patience. Any other kind of hair-do, however, is a terrific nuisance, because you just can't be bringing out a comb and doing your hair over all the time. At least I hope you feel that way about combs in public places. Not neat, not neat at all!

As to the lipstick business—one important reason for doing an efficient lipstick job is that it makes your mouth look prettier. Careful blotting with tissue will take away that gummy look which other people criticize. It will also help you to be mannerly to teacups, spoons, and table napkins—and to their owners.

You hear a lot about the fabulous beauties of olden times. But there's a great deal of doubt in my mind as to how they would measure up to the "neat trick," 1946 model. They may have looked good to their beaux in those days, but they couldn't have had that "soap-and-water" look which we now think so necessary to good looks. I am sure they did not bathe as often or as effectively as you do, or keep their hair as brushed and spotless

or their fingernails as clean and shining.

Lots of soap and deodorants and dentifrices make life much pleasanter nowadays, and help set a higher standard of good grooming. *You just must be neat to compete.* So many other girls have the same idea.

You must be neat yourself, and you must be awfully careful that the clothes you wear are in the same fresh, clean, tidy condition. It's amazing how a perfectly white collar can raise the good-looks average of a dress, and how a messy one can lower it. Well-brushed shoes, clean jewelry, fresh underwear, spotless gloves, crisp hair ribbons all contribute something to the neat *you*.

**N**EAT is also the word for the way to keep your cream, soap, comb and brush, and all the other things that help you to look pretty. You can save money this way, which is always a comfortable thing to do. If caps on toilet water and perfume bottles are screwed on tight, the liquid is less apt to evaporate. If tooth-paste tubes are squeezed up from the bottom and the ends of the tubes folded over as the paste is used, you won't have to buy tooth paste so soon again. If tooth-brushes are rinsed thoroughly and aired well they will keep their strength longer and brush your teeth better.

Combs and brushes, barrettes and bobby pins, should be washed at least once a week, to match your hair. When you dry your hairbrush, do be sure to set it on its side so that it will drain properly without bending the bristles. You can keep your combs and brushes cleaner if you put them away in your bureau or dressing table drawer, where they are protected from the dust. Nail files and scissors will last longer and work better if they are kept in a cubbyhole where they can't be knocked about and blunted.

Well, starting out with one small four-letter word we've covered a good deal of ground. But as you see, I believe that neat is a word which should be featured in every vocabulary of good looks and good manners. Personal neatness—clothes, hair-do, lipstick job, bureau drawer—makes a girl nice to have around, and *pretty neat*.



Illustrated by CLARE McCANNA

by

HAZEL RAWSON CADES

March, 1946

## Clover Creek

(Continued from page 9)

"One of your dark dresses. A ribbon in your hair. And then you have your new pumps."

"Will Bob be there?"

Mrs. Martin smiled. "Bob and George will be there with bells on."

Betty Lee was delighted with the prospect of going. But she felt none too sure of a welcome from Janet.

Along the path to the gate, Betty Lee's footprints deepened to puddles as the rainy week passed. Still, the mailbox held no letter from her mother. If it had not been for the mail orders, Mrs. Martin would have had no need to visit the propagating shed. Elias was up and about, looking forward to Janet's concert. But even on that day of days, Betty Lee's expected letter from her mother had not arrived.

"Cheer up," Mrs. Martin told her. "Bob's coming after us this evening in one of George's cars."

Toward evening Elias rambled from room to room, in a black suit from plumper years. Betty Lee recognized his anxiety. Mrs. Martin, too, showed strain. Betty Lee went about locking windows and making herself generally useful. Rompy's sharp bark warned her when Bob drove in. The imposing length of the sedan drew a gasp from her. Bob, looking brushed and shined, called to them to hurry.

Betty Lee sat in the back seat with Elias, and Mrs. Martin sat in front with Bob. Rompy, forlorn, saw them off. None of them had much to say as they covered the miles. The hours ahead engrossed them.

IN TOWN, a tree-lined driveway led them past a brilliantly lighted building to a parking space. Betty Lee gazed at the far stretches of the campus. From the number of cars already parked, the auditorium would be well filled. They went up the broad steps, Betty Lee and Bob following Mrs. Martin and her father. In the entry they met Pert.

"You ought to see Janet!" Pert half whispered. "She's a dream in that formal. The dean is so proud of her, I doubt whether he can play the accompaniment."

The sight of the auditorium dazzled Betty Lee—the size of the audience, the undercurrent of anticipation. A grand piano held the spotlight. Upstage, an alcove promised the singer's entry.

They found seats. Betty Lee saw George with the tall blond, and recognized plump Fay Jones in the row ahead. Presently, there was a spatter of applause. The accompanist had stepped out on the stage. He bowed to the audience, made himself comfortable at the piano, and began to play. Suddenly the music softened, and a lilting voice off stage picked up the rhythm. Janet drifted into the alcove, singing. Her sheer white skirt touched the floor. At the curve of the piano she paused. Her bare shoulders and shining curls drew every eye. And her dress! Betty Lee couldn't take her eyes from the sweep of the skirt, the tiny waist, the low-cut basque. Her spirits soared to new heights with the music.

She sat entranced to the end of the program. Then Pert and five of her friends carried flowers down the aisles. Afterward Betty Lee went backstage. George was there, and so was Peggy.



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You like it  
... it likes you



"You must be tired," Peggy was suggesting to Janet.

"Not I!"

Betty Lee said, "Janet, you looked beautiful!"

"Thanks." If Janet remembered the maid's uniform, she gave no sign.

As Peggy left with George she remarked, "Lucky I'm a day student. Janet, will you trust me with him?"

"Where's the danger?" came Janet's retort.

On the drive back, they were all relieved.

"I want Janet to have a good summer's rest," said her mother.

Betty Lee began to worry. "When will Janet be home?"

"Next week," said Bob.

"And you, too?"

"Sure."

That settled it, she thought. They wouldn't need her during vacation.

As they drove up to the house they heard Rompy barking wildly, and to Betty Lee's dismay, he kept it up all night. They understood the next morning, when Bob discovered that one of the screens had been tampered with, and found a prowler's footprints plain in the mud. Furthermore, Rompy had a big bump on his head.

Elias picked up a scrap of serge. "Bet Rompy tore this from his pants!" he exclaimed. "No wonder the fellow didn't get in the house!" For Elias had already checked to make sure that his daughter's money was safe.

Mrs. Martin had protected her father from the knowledge of how the punch bowl had been broken—he thought the table had come apart when they cleared off the lawn—but she could not protect him from this. They all beamed upon Rompy. Bob fixed the screens securely before he drove back to school.

"He will be home Monday," thought Betty Lee with a sinking heart. He would take over her work, and there would be no reason for her to stay.

A long letter came on Saturday from her mother, with a note enclosed for Mrs. Martin. Betty Lee read, absorbed.

You are fortunate to be with nice people. Your father is mending. The money order helped out so much. I am working hard. . . .

The final paragraph warned:

Don't forget, in September you start back to school.

"She needs me," thought Betty Lee. Her conscience nagged. But September would come soon enough.

**J**ANET and Bob arrived on Monday. Bob took care of customers, and except for dishwashing, Betty Lee found herself idle. Janet wandered around, looking lost, for George Baney was neglecting her.

At the end of the week, Betty Lee refused to take her wages. "The rest of you don't get paid for eating and sleeping," she said.

The next day Bob started work at the filling station in the village.

Betty Lee was tearful. "I've run you away from home!"

But his mother was pleased that he was earning. From then on, Betty Lee was kept busy in garden and house.

One evening Mrs. Martin said, "Betty Lee, you must not forget that your mother ex-

pects you to go back to school this fall."

Betty Lee nodded, sad-eyed.

"Stay with us," Mrs. Martin invited, "and go to high school in the village."

Betty Lee sprang to her feet. "I'd love it!" she cried. "Let me hug you round the neck!"

"Here's my neck," offered Bob.

But Mrs. Martin got the hug.

Despite Betty Lee's happiness, the weeks brought misgivings. Would her mother consent? Would it be selfish to stay?

The days seemed very dull to Janet. Toward the end of June, Pert set a party date and Janet announced, "Betty Lee, you're invited—you and Bob."

Betty Lee furnished her powder-blue party dress. Janet would wear the white formal.

"Pall!" Bob greeted George when he came after them.

During the drive into town, Janet was quiet. When George asked her, "How about the arrangements for your audition?" she answered, "Nothing's been settled." When he asked, "Have you decided on Chicago or New York City?" she replied, "I'm uncertain."

Betty Lee and Bob, in the back seat, exchanged surprised glances. It was all news to them.

The Tuttleton house was luxurious. Betty Lee met Pert's mother and father, and "Aunt Freeze." As the party progressed, she felt at a loss. The talk among the young people confused her. She had to take part in a question game: "What was your most glamorous experience?" Peggy's dreamy reply, "Motorboating in the moonlight," brought hoots, for the motorboat was George Baney's.

Since many of the experiences concerned travel, Betty Lee blurted, "The singing convention."

No one understood her. She told them that people came from miles around and



sang for days—religious singing. They asked her to demonstrate, but not one of them could accompany her on the piano—they knew no hymns. Pert's "Aunt Freeze" did. She played "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and Betty Lee sang it. Janet joined in, and then the others picked up the words. Pert's aunt knew all the old songs. They sang till time for the buffet supper.

Later, as Betty Lee and Bob were leaving, Pert put an arm around her. "Were you a hit! You made the party."

On the drive back Janet was more talkative. "I've about decided on a school in the East," she told George.

"There goes my life," he said.

Janet chose to ignore that. "Why

shouldn't I try out for those auditions?"

"Go ahead—make a show!" George sounded bitter as he said it. "No home life for you."

After that, he and Janet had less to say. Betty Lee noticed far-off thunder and lightning. High words and an angry sky, she thought, and a sad ending to Janet's hopes.

The July days proved to be hot and close. The plums ripened, and Betty Lee had success with her jelly-making. Janet had no appetite.

Bob finally asked her, "What's this audition business?"

"I wanted to get George worried about me," she confessed. "He's been seeing Peggy."

Betty Lee, too, had worries, for her mother had not replied to her question about high school. It took what Elias termed a cloudburst to divert her thoughts. On Sunday they had six inches of rain, and the downpour washed out a gully near the rock wall. Clover Creek stood more than bankfull.

"One more rainstorm and the wall will go," warned Elias.

**B**OB decided to fill the gully, and he and Betty Lee labored all day, shoveling and carting soil. As Bob dumped the last wheelbarrowful, he suddenly went down on his knees and dug into the pile of earth, then shouted in delighted astonishment, "I've found my watch!"

Tired, but exultant, they returned to the house with the news. Mrs. Martin smoothed the watch with tender fingers.

Elias commended them. "It's going to pour again. Without you two, we wouldn't have had a wall much longer."

They never dreamed that the wall would be gone by morning. But the swollen creek had backed up, and the gully they had filled was out of sight under water. They tested the depth. The wall, indeed, was gone. They were heartsick.

Betty Lee scowled at the water, baffled. "I've seen it spread through the river bottom," she said. "There's never any way to stop it."

Bob set off glumly for his job in the village. Elias transferred the chickens from the henhouse to the storeroom. The day became gloomier. Cars loaded with household goods began to pass by.

"You see? It's worse in the river bottoms," said Elias. "We're lucky, after all."

In late afternoon he talked with the driver of the mail truck. Betty Lee hoped for word from her mother, but as Elias started in, she saw that his hands held no letter. "Folks are picking up fish on the side road," he told his daughter. "The backwash left them high and dry."

Despite Mrs. Martin's protests he took a basket and set off to garner his share. Rompy went with him. Betty Lee's steps turned to the bookshelves in the living room. She would read more of the book on botany.

Later the phone rang. Janet answered it, then complained, "Mother, the phone went dead."

As she spoke, Betty Lee heard a rumble and roar, and a terrific impact brought her to her feet. It sounded like breaking timbers. A vibration shook the house. Mrs. Martin and Janet came running.

Betty Lee hurried to the back door. Amazement struck her. Water lapped at the

(Continued on page 22)



HERE are suggestions for three lovely bedspreads—with gay accessories to match—which any girl can have without spending a single sou. They're all made from old, discarded counterpanes!

Just in case you need professional help with your renovations, we've selected styles for which there are commercial patterns. McCall Pattern No. 911 (45¢) and Advance Pattern No. 7533 (45¢) are the ones chosen, and both give complete directions, tell how much material is required, and even have alternate bedspread ideas. Certainly if you have no old spreads, but plan to buy new material and start the project from scratch, you'll want one of these patterns. The small investment will save you sweat and tears and time and yardage!

Just as you'd expect, we have all kinds of expert advice to give you before you get your thimble on. First comes a

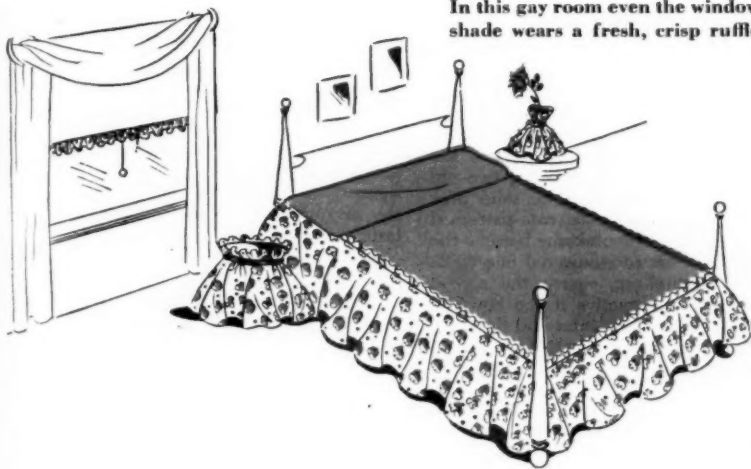
For that interior-decorated look, try stripes. You'll need two old bedspreads in contrasting colors



## THE BED SPREAD MAKES THE ROOM

by NORA  
HAMMESFAHR

In this gay room even the window shade wears a fresh, crisp ruffle



Before tinting, this spread was a dull tan color! Flower appliques were cut from a cretonne remnant



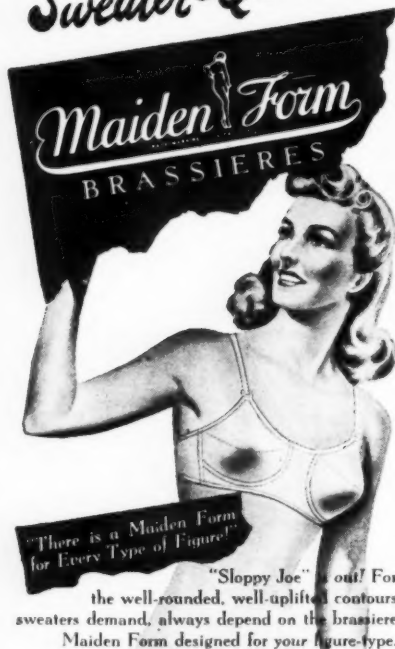
don't—and a very important one, too. Don't start on any of these spreads (except the dyed one) unless you can wangle the use of a sewing machine. There is just too much sewing involved to be done by hand. Honestly. We also advise you not to waste your time and energy altering old spreads which are so thin and worn that they won't last long enough to justify your work. For these spreads *do* take work. Like everything worth having in life, they require patience and effort, so don't begin one if you're the type who is bursting with enthusiasm at the starting post, but never gets around to crossing the goal line. However, with determination, a sewing machine, and material, they're well worth everything you put into them.

If your friends are sewing conscious, get the gang together and form a sewing club. You might call it the "Solid Sewing Circle." With competition and prizes for the best job, the work will be as much fun as the results!

The striped bedspread in the first picture—so gay and smart—

Drawings by JEAN MAIER

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was made from two ugly old bedcovers. One was very much of a tattletale gray shade and the other a too bright, bright pink. Unattractive alone, yes—but they team up into something quite elegant, don't they? The gray spread was left intact, except that two strips were cut out and replaced by two strips from the pink one. The pink strips were machine-stitched into the gray spread. Left-over pink and gray material, eked out with a little bit more of the gray from the store, gave us enough fabric for a lovely lampshade, a smart skirt for a plain little boudoir chair and for a footstool to match. A room in stripes has a very interior-decorated air. It can be yours! If you have only one old cover and can't resist a room like this, you may, of course, buy contrasting material.

There are any number of variations of this spread. An expert seamstress could make more stripes in the top and some in the flounce, but that's for you to decide. Remember, extra stripes mean extra work, so don't plan elaborate variations of this cover unless you have both time and patience.

The thought of flounces needn't worry you. Just keep your head on your shoulders, plan before you shear, and always allow enough material to go once and a half times around the fattest part of the article you're flouncing. That will make for a nice full skirt. The shirring can be done on the machine, either with the gathering attachment or by releasing the tension and sewing with quite a long, loose stitch which can be drawn into even gathers afterward. It can also be shirred by hand, of course. To do this, knot a double thread, draw it up through the wrong side, then take running stitches. Make two rows of stitches. Then pull the threads until the material is the width you need, distribute the gathers evenly, and tie a knot in each thread.

IF YOU like a feminine, frilly bedroom, you'll adore the one in the second picture. The flirty, flouncey bedspread and all the etceteras were made by combining two old covers again. One was a plain, solid pink cover and the other a meek, rose-patterned spread. As you see, the pink one became the center and the little rose-flowered one made the flounce, though of course the spread would be equally attractive if the flowered fabric were used for the center and the plain for the sides. It's the contrast of materials which makes it look so bright and pert.

To give the rest of the room that same feeling of jaunty freshness, a piece of the flowered fabric was made into a full, full skirt and thumbtacked on a cardboard wastepaper basket. Then a modest little ruffle was added to the window shade—like eyelashes, down at night, up during the day. This gives your window so much finish that it can even double for curtains. (If you're puzzled about how to make the window-shade ruffle, send in for direction sheet No. 10). The little vase on the night table, with the pretty skirt tied on by a ribbon around the neck, is a milk bottle!

To make the skirts for both the milk bottle and the wastepaper basket, follow the general directions for flounces given earlier in this article. Both these skirts should have half-inch hems top and bottom. Two rows of gathers should be made about an inch from the top of the wastepaper-basket skirt; for the skirt on the milk bottle, make the gathers one or two inches below the top. Then sew on a solid color ribbon to match the solid color in your spread.

You may not believe it, but the delightfully dainty bedspread in the third picture was once a faded, tired-looking tan cover! First we dyed it a deep pink. Then we cut out flowers—very carefully, and with very sharp scissors—from a remnant of floral chintz and applied them on the spread in sprays. As you see, another spray of flowers was applied on a piece of matching pink material, and framed to hang over the bed. The curtain tiebacks, made from scraps of sheeting, were dyed too, and individual flowers were used as tieback-holders, held in place with pink thumbtacks. Then we covered the round, plump hassock to give the room that luxurious look we like.

Here are some helpful hints about dyeing. No matter how careful a workman you think you are, it's best to take yourself to the basement with a big tin pail or tub—and to wear your oldest clothes! Unless you are going to dye the spread a much darker, deeper color, we recommend that you use color remover first. We also suggest tinting your spread, rather than boil dyeing it, which is much, much too hard. Though tinting won't give you a fast-color spread, it will only run a little, and it shouldn't be necessary to re-tint after each washing. In fact, enough color usually remains to be completely satisfactory for several washings. If you tint, you will have to remove your appliqued flowers with each washing, but since appliques have carefully hemmed edges anyway, it will be relatively easy to sew them back on again. When you tint your spread, remember to toss in your tiebacks. And to make sure your hassock cover and the flower picture's background match the spread exactly, buy plain white cloth of good quality and tint it right along with everything else—before you cut it.

For directions on covering the hassock, send for instruction sheet No. 10, and if appliqueing is Greek to you, this sheet will tell you how to do it. If you'd like to make your own appliques, McCall's Needlework Pattern No. 1111 (45c) will give you instructions for a lovely Morning Glory design. Of course you can put on appliques in any arrangement you prefer—suit your own taste, make it individually yours!

THE END

## Clover Creek

(Continued from page 20)

steps—the henhouse was gone—tangled fencing was piled against the storeroom wall! As far as she could see stretched a sluggish lake! Clover Creek was churning. She took in the full calamity—the levee upcountry must have gone out!

Terror caught at her. Elias and Rompy were somewhere in the lowlands. Already darkness was falling. She ran through the house. Janet was on the front porch, and Mrs. Martin had started down the walk, which was just clear of the water.

As Betty Lee joined Mrs. Martin, she heard a wail from Janet, "The bridge is washed out!"

It was true. The bridge had swept downstream, and a torrent now separated them from the village. But Mrs. Martin's dread lay in another direction.

"I'll go on ahead and look for your father," cried Betty Lee, and put all her strength into a wild dash.

(To be continued)

# A new Pigeon pats me on the party line

"Br-rr"—goes the phone, and I jump—hoping it's Andy coming back to me after his crush on the new girl in school. She's definitely a sharp pigeon, with pul-lenty of pennies, to judge from her clothes.



Heck! It isn't Andy—it's the dream girl herself, wanting me to come over. So I go—wondering what I'll say if a butler comes to the door!



Then—I find her down on the floor with her mouth full of pins, laying out a skirt pattern! Turns out she isn't rich at all. She just looks that way, after taking Singer's Teen-Age Sewing Course, back in Des Moines.

"There's a Singer Sewing Center everywhere," she tells me. "Why don't you join up for a course? It's fun—and you make a dress while you learn!"



The result?... Oh excuse me, there's the phone. Maybe it's Andy or Buzz. Or Jim. What with my new sewing talent, I'm turning out to be quite a sharp little pigeon myself!



## More clothes for you!

Any girl 12 to 17 can take Singer's Teen-Age Sewing Lessons at special rates, on Saturdays or after school. Ask your Singer Sewing Center (listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company) for details.

You can use Vogue Pattern #5475. Size 12 takes 3 1/4 yds. of 39" material.



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# Spring



A gray bellhop suit has shiny buttons, washable white touches, and full skirt. Modern Age Juniors

Yes, it's been a long hard winter. But look what's just around the corner—daffodils and snowdrops and warm sunshine and all these fine new clothes!

**W**HY is it that spring clothes always seem so especially exciting—more so than any other kind? My guess is that it's because we're sloughing off our heavy winter wrappings, dumping our galoshes and scarves and mittens in some dark corner, and strolling under newly budding trees, instead of fighting our way through blizzards. There's no doubt about it—spring outfits do something for the soul!

This year, spring clothes for juniors are well worth getting excited about. They're prettier than ever—soft and feminine yet simple and practical, and very definitely varied in design. The best suits for spring, for instance, include the bolero, the fitted bellhop jacket and, newest of all, the cape. And of course our old friend the classic is still definitely in the running.

The bellhop and bolero jackets are both good for girls of any height, with



One-piece dress with that two-piece look. Skirt and back are black wool; top, yellow and black surah. Jeanne, Jr.

# Seasoning

by JOAN TARBERT

Photographs courtesy of  
New York Dress Institute

the bolero more becoming to the non-slim than the fitted jacket. The cape—unless it's really quite a short one, not falling much below the elbows—calls for a taller girl, because it interrupts the up-and-down silhouette.

When it comes to color, you'll certainly be safe and sound and happy in navy, but beige and gray are beginning to have a fair share of popularity these days, too. A suit in one of these latter tones is a practical investment, for it's an ideal background for many a different shade, and it's slightly more versatile than citified navy blue, for—with sport or dress accessories—it can look just as formal or as countrified as the time, place, and oc-



Summer preview—black top, polo belt, striped bloomers and coat! Horwitz and Duberman



The "Barrel Skirt"—newest way to achieve that small waist, rounded hipline. By International Juniors



Spring is here. Yellow-and-white balloon cloth print—ruched round the bottom—proves it! Babs, Jr.

casion demand. Of course there's always someone who chirps up with, "But light colors show the dirt so much!" Well, dark colors pick up lint and spots, too, and anything that's dirty ought to be cleaned anyway—dark or light!

There's one thing to be careful about if you yearn for a beige or gray outfit. That's your own coloring. If you have light brown hair and pale tan skin, beige may make you look all one shade, and onlookers won't be able to tell where suit leaves off and girl begins. Gray can make you seem sallow, unless you use the right makeup or wear a more flattering color near your face. But what with collars, dickeys, blouses, and gilets, this should be easy.

When it comes to these contrasting touches, white wins the fashion award. It's always been popular because it's becoming to everyone, which is a comfort—one thing less to worry about. But you must worry about keeping these touches spotless and sparkling white! Be sure, when you buy a new suit or dress, that its collar and  
(Continued on page 41)

—..SECRET CODE—..  
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Use felt or chamois for this gay ensemble.  
Pompons are yarn. Pattern #1101. 10c.

# EASTER SLEIGHT OF HAND

by  
**KAY HARDY**

**N**O, YOU don't have to be a Houdini  
to make yourself any amount of ex-  
citing spring fashion magic. No  
wands or tall silk hats or large white hand-  
kerchiefs are necessary either—in fact, the  
whole process isn't the least bit mysterious  
or complex. Positively all you need in your  
bag of tricks are one pair of careful hands, a  
little patience, needle and thread and scis-  
sors, some small bits of cloth and interesting  
trimmings, a pattern, and a few spare hours  
before Easter.

Let's say you're getting a new Easter coat  
or suit, and your budget just won't stand  
the added strain of the very essential new  
bonnet and purse. Well? That's nothing—  
make them yourself! Or maybe this isn't  
your year to have a brand-new outfit. Even  
so, you needn't feel gloomy and neglected—  
just get busy and perk up last season's clothes  
with an attractive new headband and match-  
ing shoulder bag of your own making.

As for dresses, think how a change of gay  
suspender belts can make one simple frock  
do the work of two or three, or give an old  
one a powerful shot in the arm. In short, it's  
bright, right accessories, like the ones  
sketched here, that will "make" your outfit,  
and the cost will make only a small, prac-  
tically painless, dent in the budget.



**T**O SHOW just exactly how to produce  
the Easter sleight-of-hand items pictured  
on these pages, we've had some clear, easy-  
to-follow AMERICAN GIRL patterns made for  
you. When you decide which ones you want,  
just send your name, address, and money  
to THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East  
44th Street, New York City 17. Please order  
patterns by number. And in case you're in a  
quandary as to which of these exciting acces-  
sories you want most to make, perhaps the  
following brief descriptions will help you out  
a little.

Let's start with the top, left-hand sketch—  
the side-laced belt with shoulder decoration  
and matching headband. (Pattern #1101.  
Price, 10c.) These accessories are smart  
when they're made of chamois or wool felt  
that you can buy at the ten-cent store. For  
the dangle straps, you may vary these mate-  
rials with clipped bits of ribbon or some

Embroidery hoop frame for bag; head-  
band of felt "links." Pattern #1103. 15c.



non-ravel fabric. The rickrack at the edges is easy enough to stitch on, either by hand or by machine—and don't let those pompoms stump you. They're really very simple, and the pattern includes full directions for making them. Probably you have enough odds and ends of yarn in your knitting bag for these, and you might even make each pompom a different color, in the South American way.

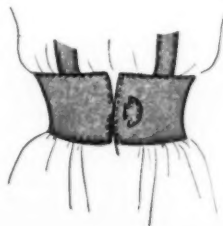
Next comes a very useful headband design, teamed up with a professional-looking pouchy bag. (Patterns #1103. Price, 15c.) From the sketch you can see that the headband is made of felt "chain" links, filled in with matching or contrasting shirred taffeta or soft wool. Or perhaps you'd rather use printed crepe for the fill-in, to match one of your favorite spring dresses, and combine it with black, brown, or navy felt for the chain links. Use the same soft taffeta or print for the body of the bag, and the strong felt for the binding and strap handle. Incidentally, this bag isn't at all hard to make, the trick being that it's built around a plain, old-fashioned embroidery hoop for the top stiffening.

FOR your 1946 Easter bonnet, why not make the "Angel Child Halo," shown in the top, right-hand sketch. Its wide, becoming brim is made of stiffened white pique, machine-stitched round and round to give additional crispness. You may use a gay contrasting color or practical dark grosgrain ribbon for the edging. Matching grosgrain makes the hat's tie band, and may also be used for the binding and strap of the roomy, slip-covered bag. Need we point out the usefulness of a slip-covered bag? We suggest that you make several covers of different colors and fabrics to match your various hat and dress combinations. (Pattern #1102, price 15c, includes directions for making hat and bag.)

Last, but not least, is a very simple suspender belt. The pattern (#1100. Price, 10c) includes transfer marking for the lazy-daisy stitchery, to be done in bright colored yarn, and shows how to make the clever slot-anchor closing (shown in the small sketch at the bottom of the page) just like the ones on a South American cowboy's belt. You may want to add buttons for additional security, if you're one of those extra-strenuous people with a tendency to pull apart at the middle.

Pick the accessories you want to make, then follow the simple pattern directions with care, and the results of your handiwork will make you feel like an honest-to-goodness sleight-of-hand artist. And you'll find it's as easy as rolling off a log to steal the show at your Easter parade!

THE END



Front view of suspender belt (sketched at right, too) shows slot anchor closing.



"Angel Halo" has crisp, stitched brim and shoulder bag is slip-covered. #1102 15c.



Stamping for daisy embroidery is included in suspender belt pattern #1100. 10c.



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Photographs by Paul Parker



Above: The cooking of *kabobs* gives rise to the study of Armenian folklore, customs, and culture

Left: The Scout in the straw sombrero—born in Mexico—serves a tasty south-of-the-border dish

# FOOD *for* FRIENDSHIP

All about a very special kind of Girl Scout international project.  
It's exciting, successful, practical—and delicious!

ANYBODY passing the Sipp house in Jamaica, New York, is in for a mouth-watering experience. The nose-tingling smells that come seeping through the windows and doors invite passers-by with their unfamiliarity and promise of good eating. No, it's not a deceptive trap to catch unsuspecting people—it's just part of a long-range international friendship program on which the Scouts in Senior troop 4-140 and Intermediate troops 4-384 and 4-305 have been working since September, 1945. More than seventy-five eager and noisy Girl Scouts have literally taken over the home of their Scout leader, Mrs. Ruth G. Sipp, with special claims on the icebox. The girls are busy in the kitchen five days a week and overflow into the rumpus room, which will never be the same. Of course, you understand, all this excitement isn't really confused at all. In fact, it's part of a very definite, well-planned, and practicable program of international friendship and understanding. These Girl Scouts have revised the old saying about "The way to a man's heart is through his

stomach" to read "The way to international friendship is through our stomachs"! And after tasting some of their exciting dishes, you'd be inclined to agree!

Like any typically American group, these Scouts are a real league of nations—dark skins, fair skins; brunettes, brownettes, blondes; blue eyes, black eyes, brown eyes; tall, short, fat, thin. But they're all Americans, and they're all determined to do their part in keeping the peace for which their fathers and brothers and beaux fought in the recent war.

Most of the girls' parents—and in some cases the girls themselves—were born outside of the United States. They have many memories of happy times in other lands, not the least of which are delicious remembrances of native dishes that highlighted their festive occasions. The girls decided that the many recipes provided them by their parents, or remembered from their own residence abroad, should

not be filed away and forgotten. A brainstorm hit them! Why not gather together all the long-treasured recipes in an international cookbook? They might even exchange recipes with girls in other countries—trade recipes and adventures, hopes and plans, with girls all over the world! Here could be the beginning of a long-range international program built around the food, folklore, customs, and cultural interests of all the countries in the world family. If "to know is to understand"—here was the beginning of a working plan for lasting peace!

Together with Mrs. Sipp and her daughter Jacqueline, who is a dietician, the Scouts set out to catalog the recipes, considering nutrition, taste, appearance, and type of food—in that order of importance.

Each girl contributes her own recipes, which she cooks and serves to her fellow Scouts. Usually the cooking is beset with curious onlookers, and the eating is punctuated by questions and answers about the geography, history, and people of the country from which the food comes.

by

HARRIETT C. PHILMUS

And every young cook—who can reel off her pet recipe at the drop of a spoon—can also add plenty of exciting and faintly nostalgic true stories about the background of the dish, from her own or her parents' experiences.

After a recipe has been properly tested and approved by these Girl Scout gourmets, it is copied on a large white index card. On the back of the card is written the background of the recipe, a story about the girl, or a short history of the customs and culture of the country in which the dish originated. Some of the girls illustrate their recipes, which are next stapled into a very unusual cover, designed and executed by the girls. This cover is made of plywood and measures about ten inches by twelve. The theme of their program—"International Friendship"—has been set across the top in raised letters and appropriately painted in red, white, and blue.

WHEN asked to decide what would best illustrate a cookbook, ideas came so thick and fast that a conference was held, during which the girls offered their suggestions and the troop voted on them. The final cover design leaves no doubt as to what can be found within—it's the raised replica of a mixing bowl and spoon, a bottle of milk, and some measuring spoons! With their cookbook as a basis, the girls have planned a troop program which includes every phase of international friendship, and even takes them into the realms of bookbinding and painting, as well as arts and crafts. Most of the girls have earned Community Life, International Friendship, and Arts and Crafts badges through their activities connected with this project.

One of the girls, who once lived with her parents on a ranch or hacienda in Argentina, likes to recall the sheepshearing season, when the romantic Gauchos come from far and near to clip the thick wool from the sheep, and make the air ring with their music and dancing, and heavy with the smell of their zesty food. In their native costumes, brightly colored and graceful, they dance the *jota* and sing their songs far into the night. It takes little more than a whiff of *guisada*, an Argentine version of stew, to send her back to the scents and sounds of the Argentine pampas. Here's her recipe. Perhaps you'll want to try it out for yourself—but don't tie on your apron until you're sure your mother's pantry has all these ingredients!

#### GUISADA (Stew)

- |   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| 1 lb. beef, cut up for stew                       | 1 cup rice          |
| 1 large onion                                     | 1 qt. boiling water |
| 3 medium-sized green peppers                      | 1 tsp. salt         |
| 4 not-quite-ripe peaches (or 2 large sour apples) | ¼ tsp. pepper       |
|   | 2 tbsps. olive oil  |

Remove seeds and white partitions of peppers and cut into rings. Cut onions into rings, too. Peel and quarter the fruit. Brown meat lightly in olive oil. Then combine all ingredients except rice, and simmer for an hour. Add the uncooked rice, stirring mixture occasionally to prevent rice from settling. Continue simmering until meat is tender—about another hour. Add more water if the stew begins to get too thick. Serve with green peas.

(Continued on page 32)

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# ALL OVER THE MAP



## Headline News in Girl Scouting



*Fred R. Stanger*

"The Girl Scout Clothesline" helped a Milwaukee Girl Scout make this jumper

Members of Troop 1-94 of the Bronx, New York, completely absorbed as they apply their own designs to ceramic tiles

*Carl Byon Associates*



• **If your troop** has done any baby-sitting during the last few years, you've probably lined up your own hard-and-fast set of rules, regulations, and rates of pay for services rendered. And you'll be very much interested to compare your system with the sensible and businesslike way that Troop 124 of Miami, Florida runs its sitting program. Thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, these Scouts offer their time to parents at the following fixed rates. Beginners' rate: 25c per hour until midnight; after midnight, 35c per hour. More experienced sitters: 35c per hour until midnight; from then on, a half dollar an hour. Ten percent of all earnings go into the troop treasury—to fatten it up a bit and to cover the telephone service of the contact medium. Misunderstandings are avoided by a printed list of rules which are thoroughly understood by parents and girls alike. So far, these sitters say, they're making money, giving a much-needed service to parents, and seem to be having a wonderful time!

• **Are you sewing** your fingers to the bone making Friendship Bags? Then you'll probably be relieved to know that the time limit on this very worth-while project has been extended until June 1st. And just in case you've been *very* quick and sent yours all in early, this new deadline will give you a chance to stitch up a few more! On the opposite page is a picture taken in the Girl Scout booth at the Women's International Exposition which was held recently in Madison Square Garden, New York City. These Scouts are hard at

March, 1946

work on their Friendship Bags. And who's that looking on? Why, it's the honorable Joseph P. Kennedy, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who visited the booth.

• **If you're looking around** for something a little different to do in the line of arts and crafts, you might take a hint from Troop 1-94 of the Bronx, New York, and find someone to teach you how to decorate ceramic tiles. Through the co-operation of a commercial tile company which provided materials and an instructor in ceramic design, this troop learned how to make their own original designs and apply them to the tiles. The girls made the tiles for gifts and found they could earn a little money, too, by selling them at a bazaar. The tiles—very useful and attractive—went like hot cakes.

• **One troop of Girl Scouts** in Shokie, Illinois, has made itself into a "travel group." Each Saturday the leaders take the girls to some place of unusual interest—either in near-by Chicago or in the suburbs. They have already visited the Rosenwald Museum, the Art Institute, and a traffic court, and have taken some short bicycle trips besides. Picnics, overnight hikes, and a lot more sightseeing jaunts are being planned for future Saturdays. The girls love the trips, which not only help them with badge requirements, but give them an opportunity to see places they would probably not get to on their own.

• **Did you ever see** Colleen Moore's famous dollhouse? Then you'll be pleased to know that it's recently been exhibited for the benefit of the youth services of Alhambra, California—the Girl Scouts among them. The dollhouse all began because Colleen Moore's father gave her a tiny English dictionary when she was a child. That started her hobby of collecting miniatures. The collection grew and grew, and later the dollhouse was built to display it. The little house has eleven rooms, running water, electric lights, and many beautiful, tiny things such as a chandelier made of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls!

If miniature things are as fascinating to you as they are to Colleen Moore, why not make a dollhouse of your own? One Girl Scout troop we know of, in Houghton, Michigan, found an old dollhouse that was in very bad repair. They painted it, and then divided up the fun of furnishing the rooms among the members of their troop. The girls made everything—from furniture to sofa pillows and kitchen utensils. Sounds like a lot of fun to us, and another wonderful way to pass off some of your badge requirements dealing with houses, furniture, and decoration.

• **Know how many** of you readers sent in for "The Girl Scout Clothesline"—the booklet prepared to help you plan and make a smart basic wardrobe for yourself? 50,000! And for visual proof as to how these dressmaking suggestions have helped just one of these thousands of girls, look at the picture on the opposite page. Yes, this Girl Scout of a troop in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, made that jumper herself, from directions in the booklet. Looks pretty neat, doesn't it? Incidentally, "The Girl Scout Clothesline" is still available. Just write to American Thread Co., 260 West Broadway, New York 13, N. Y. If you are a Girl Scout, please be sure to say so.

• **You hear of activities** of Wing Scout troops from all over the map these days, and here is one that was both exciting and productive. Through the courtesy of Pan-American World Airways, Troop 4-381 of Queens, New York, visited the installations at the Marine Terminal, La Guardia Field, where they inspected the big Douglas land Clippers, as well as the huge Boeing flying boats which fly to Bermuda and Lisbon. Because of the success of this tour, Pan-American has offered to conduct other Wing Scouts through its hangers, and will make arrangements for speakers to address Wing Scout meetings.

• **Two hundred and forty-three** dollars and seventy-five cents is a handsome sum of money for a group of Girl Scouts to make—and make it they did on the Navajo Indian Reservation, St. Michaels, Arizona. How did they do it? By gathering piñons (the edible seed of the piñon pine, now used in confectionery) and turning their crop into cash.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.



Ben Greenhaus

Honorable Joseph P. Kennedy inspecting the Friendship Bags made by Girl Scouts at the Women's International Exhibition

This Wing Scout is being shown the "innards" of one of the huge transatlantic Clippers in a tour of La Guardia Field Pan-American World Airways



## Food For Friendship

(Continued from page 29)

To help her troop earn Transportation Badges, a blond little girl whose parents hail from Scotland has brought from her home a series of maps of Scotland, printed on linen, which record many exciting events in history. How easy to picture Mary, Queen of Scots, and Darnley and all the old, romantic figures living in this craggy, green country! This girl has also contributed many interesting recipes to the cookbook and surprisingly, none of them has anything to do with the oatmeal or golf usually associated with the Scotsmen. We couldn't resist printing here her rule for authentic Scotch shortbread. Since it calls for a lot of butter, you may have to file this away until that ingredient is more plentiful around your house. But it's a wonderful, simple-to-make tea-cake to have in your bag of cooking tricks.

### SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

1 1/2 cups flour      1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 lb. butter

Sift flour and sugar together. Then work in butter with hands, kneading mixture until it forms a smooth lump. Turn onto pastry board and shape into two cakes about the size of a saucer and about half an inch thick. Pinch with fingers to make ruffled edges. Place on greased paper on a cookie sheet, prick well with a fork, and bake in moderate oven until they begin to brown. Then lower heat and allow to crisp. The baking takes about an hour in all.

From her Russian mother, one of the Senior Scouts has inherited a recipe for Russian borsch—without which no self-respecting Russian would consider a meal complete. It's a zesty, deep-pink beet soup that's something new in taste sensation. Perhaps in this recipe we can find a clue to the hardiness and endurance of our Russian neighbors.

### RUSSIAN BORSCHE

(Beet Soup)

1 bunch beets      1 tsp. salt  
3 cups water      4 tblsps. sugar  
1 onion (quartered)      Three eggs  
Juice 1/2 lemon      Pinch of salt

Pare and cut beets into shoestring pieces, cover with water, add onion, and simmer for about half an hour. Add lemon juice, salt, and sugar, and boil slowly for another half hour. Beat three eggs with the pinch of salt. Then, very slowly, add beet mixture to egg mixture. Serve hot—topped with sour cream if desired.

**E**VEN the girls' families have become actively involved in this international cooking marathon, with mothers and dads racking their brains for favorite childhood recipes and little anecdotes to fill the cookbook and to delight the girls. Each father who gives more than six hours of his precious spare time to helping the girls out in some way is adopted as an "uncle," and presented with a service pin. Already there are about thirty troop "uncles." It might be an idea for including your own dad in the fun of Girl Scouting!

So absorbed have the girls become in their international friendship project that no end is yet in sight. They plan to include at least thirty-five favorite recipes in the program. The national dishes of Finland, Russia, Ar-



### SPEAKING OF COVER GIRLS

Ours for March is pretty Gale Storm, now of Hollywood but originally from Texas—where her ancestors were some of the very earliest settlers. For indoor hobbies, Gale chooses charcoal drawing and scrapbooks; outdoors, they're ice skating, swimming, and diving. But most of all, she loves to sing and dance—always has, in fact. In school in Texas she sang, danced, and acted in just about every school play going, and finally won an interscholastic dramatic contest in Houston. That helped pave her way to Hollywood, where she is now under contract to Monogram Pictures, and currently costarring with Phil Regan in "Swing Parade of 1946."

But how about Gale's very becoming sweater, fascinator, and mittens? Like them? Want to knit and crochet some for yourself or for your friends? Knowing you would, we had directions for a similar three-piece set worked out, tested, and printed up on a single handy sheet. These instructions are ready to mail out to girls who write in for them—if you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request!

menia, Italy, Mexico, Scotland, England, Denmark, Norway, Ireland, Argentina, Czechoslovakia, Bavaria, Austria, Germany, British Guiana, and Canada are just a few of the countries which will be represented in the cookbook.

The girls have even found time to contribute their clothes for the half-naked children of Europe and Asia. They have mended and cleaned and tagged the clothes, making them ready for shipment to their friends all over the world.

They have discovered that getting acquainted with people in other parts of the

world is easier than they thought. Friendship with people in other countries doesn't depend on an ocean voyage or a trip in a plane. No, these Girl Scouts have not gone farther than a sunny, suburban kitchen on Long Island, and yet they have sung the songs, played the games, cooked and eaten the food of people all over the world. They have felt the strangeness of many new countries. And they have discovered that when they became Girl Scouts, they became not only members of a small troop in a small community in the United States—but members of a world-wide organization, composed of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides who are just as curious as they are about the customs, the foods, and the ways of thinking of other lands.

Girl Scouts all over the country are learning that the great distances and the old barriers of speech and customs are no longer obstacles to international understanding. In fact, what was once considered a barrier is now considered a tie—a common ground for discussion and the free exchange of ideas. This is the very foundation of lasting peace. As one of the Scouts put it, "Who would we fight if we all get acquainted?"

The United Nations have set out to find a basis for keeping peace among nations. If they need any advice or want to see the democratic way to peace and understanding in action—the Girl Scouts of Troops 4-140, 4-384 and 4-305 cordially invite them to attend a cooking session any day from three to five in the afternoon!

THE END

## Secret Closet

(Continued from page 7)

reasonably. "Wills are meant to be read, so you can carry out their directions."

Jill almost snatched the paper from Don, and thrust it into her grandmother's hands. "You read it, Gran!" she urged. "You knew Mr. Larkin longest."

Pete moved the lantern nearer, so its light fell directly on the writing. Gran's strong hands holding the paper shook a little, but her voice was steady.

"It's a strange sort of will," she commented. "More like a letter. 'I, Seth Larkin, of Old Farm, Eastham Township, Vermont, being of sound mind, do hereby make the following disposition of whatsoever property I may die possessed. As my wife and only son are dead, I have no relatives to be my natural heirs. I have had no friends these past years. I do not belong to any church or charitable association.

"My son, Jeff, was born after I had been married a long time. I was over fifty—there was too big a span of years dividing us. Folks round here know we did not get on after his mother died. Jeff ran away from Old Farm when he was fourteen. When he became a flier after Pearl Harbor, he made an allotment to me of the War Bonds he bought out of his pay. I have never cashed them; they are here in this old secret closet that was built into the house long before my time."

Gran's voice faltered, and Don leaned over to move the other papers in the boxlike hollow. He came up with a package of War Bonds tied with an old piece of string. There were ten of them in all, in one hundred dollar denominations.

(Continued on page 34)



# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



**Mexican Barbecue:** Whether or not you are of the school that believes a real barbecue has to be cooked over charcoal, you'll be tempted to try your luck with a new barbecue broiler, made for charcoal cooking, that's handsome as well as useful. The broiler proper is made of spot-welded steel wire and is hinged, with a handle that locks into place. Also beautiful is the handmade Mexican fire fan of woven palm fibers, ornamented and giddy gay. A book of recipes goes with it. Yes, you can afford it.

**Speedy Skis:** These may cost more than you feel your purse can bear, but if you've outgrown your skis, you may want to look at the new ones made of magnesium. They are said to go like the wind and require no waxing, and are lighter than most wood. Better check with your ski instructor, who may have his own prejudices.



**Well-Groomed Camping or Traveling:** A little leatherette booklet about the size of a package of cigarettes has tiny, filmy sheets of real soap! Carry with them a pack of little pellets that look like peppermints, but expand into washclothes when dropped into water. You can get refills to fit the booklet for the soap tissues.

**Seamless and Shaped:** So you find seamless hose a super-sag. They look lovely, and as though you aren't wearing any stockings, until a wrinkle at the ankle and a bulge at the calf give the game away. Well, rejoice! For the rumor is that new knitting machines are actually producing a seamless stocking which clings to heel, ankle, calf, and knee, and doesn't deglamorize when you bend.



**One-Piece Brush and Comb:** It leaves you with no excuse for overlooking those nightly one hundred strokes, just because you haven't room in your week-end bag for your regular hairbrush. It's a combination brush and comb, with four rows of nylon bristles attached to one end of the comb so that you can brush while combing. For the finishing touches you use the finer end of the comb.

**Clothespins for Clips:** These are so gaily colored, made of red, green, or blue aluminum, that you could easily use them for decorative effects in your room. Slip your favorite letters into a blue one. Keep your blanket in place with bright red. They are also useful, of course, for their intended purpose of hanging up clothes. Imagine having your laundry glamorous—if you hang stockings and underwear where they're in view, you can improve the scenery with clips of all colors.



**News About Nutcrackers:** Do you find you can crack one kind of nut with the ordinary cracker, but that others resist you? To keep you from trying your teeth or the heel of your shoe in despair, a new nutcracker has been invented which has three separate widths between the jaws, for nuts of different sizes. It has a special cavity for the ridges of English walnuts. Nutty?

**Toothbrush Magic:** You're going to a party after school. You'd like to brush your teeth—but you haven't time to go home, and you don't want to carry an old, wet toothbrush to the party. What will you do? Perhaps you'll try the new disposable toothbrush. It has dentifrice right in the brush part, which is attached to a flat handle. When you've given the enamel a final polish, you just throw the whole thing away.



If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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**Make Money Easily**

## Secret Closet

(Continued from page 32)

"Whee-eee," he whistled. "And the Bannister Home's got possibly another thousand to add to this!"

"Yes, and look here!" Pete cried. He held up a long manila envelope, unsealed, and the flap opened in his fingers to show the green of bills inside. On the outside was written: "Jeff's life insurance money. \$1,000."

For a moment nobody spoke. Then Miss Martha said, bewilderedly, "And all the time Seth had enough money down in this old beam to pay his entrance fee into the Bannister Home. Why did he work so hard to sell the farm, Susie?"

"It's my guess," Gran said, "that he felt he couldn't touch the boy's money after the way he'd treated him. Conscience trouble. Old Seth wasn't completely ornery, after all. Most people aren't. Life had just made him crusty."

She smoothed out the will, and turned it over.

"But we don't know who his heir is yet," Pete put in, with ill-concealed impatience.

Gran smiled at his eagerness and went on reading. "So having no blood kin living, and no friends, I am leaving Jeff's money, and anything I own at the time of my death, to a young girl who was kind to me when I was hurt a while back. A girl who some way reminded me of Jeff, and who I'd like to have use this money to help her get some of the things I missed out on giving my son. She's a granddaughter of my neighbor--"

Gran stopped abruptly, and let the hand holding the will fall to her side. "Jill!" she exclaimed in amazement. "He's left it all to Jill! Don, you read it—I can't seem to see so well right now."

**N**O ONE spoke or moved as she thrust the paper blindly into Don's hand. Jill's brown eyes looked enormous in her suddenly white face. Pete's mouth was frankly open, and Miss Martha sat down suddenly on the last step of the cellar stairs.

"It is Jill, for a fact," Don said incredulously.

"But—But Don, he couldn't—For just that little—" Jill was shaking.

"Here it is in his own writing, with two witnesses," Don told her firmly. "Listen—or, no, read it yourself, maybe you'll believe it then."

"Read it out loud," Pete commanded.

"My voice is funny," Jill said. "But—it does seem to say 'Jill Howard.' Wait, here it is. 'She's a granddaughter of my neighbor at Robin Hill, and her name is Jill Howard. I want her to have everything. Jeff didn't get to college because of me. Maybe Jill Howard will like to go in his place, and fit herself for whatever job she wants to do when she's grown.' And—that's all," Jill finished. "Do you suppose it's a real will, Don?"

"Written out in his own hand, dated, and with two witnesses to sign it? I'll say it's real," Don said decidedly. "There'll be one thousand in bonds, and one thousand in cash—plus whatever the Bannister people refund to you. Probably around three thousand dollars. Gosh, but I'm glad for you, Jill!"

"What are you going to use it for?" Pete asked curiously.

Jill sat down beside Aunt Marty, as if her legs were too weak to hold her up. "I'm go-

ing to buy me the best up-to-date farming knowledge I can get." She jumped up and faced them, her eyes wet and shining. "Gran, then may I come and work with you, when I'm ready? When Mums wants to give up that department-store job in California, she could come here to live with us, and we three'll make Robin Hill the finest farm in this whole State. Look out for your laurels at Old Farm, Don and Pete! You're going to see what women's farming can be like."

"You mean—you want to study agriculture?" Pete asked, his freckled face so blank with amazement that suddenly everyone laughed, and the tension was broken.

"I think it's a pretty fine idea," Don said slowly. "Jill told me it was the thing she wanted most in the world. Why shouldn't a woman learn to be a good farmer? Sounds like better sense than I thought girls had," he muttered unchivalrously.

"I want to send Mother a cable—she's in Rio right now," Jill said eagerly. "Would one of you boys take it to town and send it for me?"

"I was driving in anyhow," Don said. "Come along and send your message yourself."

When they were rolling toward town in the car he turned to Jill, "The best thing of all, to me," he said, "is that you're planning to settle down at Robin Hill, right next door. I was awfully afraid you'd go back to California when your mother gets home from this South American trip, and that maybe you wouldn't be coming East again for years and years."

"I'm so happy I'm hardly able to breathe," Jill confessed. "You don't suppose," she implored, between laughter and tears, "that I'm dreaming all this? No, don't bother to pinch me! If I'm asleep and dreaming, I certainly don't want to be waked up."

The tall boy looked down at her gravely. "I don't believe you do much dreaming, Jill," he said slowly. "Looks to me as if your feet were set pretty firmly on the ground, and that you make up your mind what you want, and go after it."

"I couldn't have gone after this, if old Seth Larkin hadn't played fairy godfather," Jill pointed out, but she was pleased by his look of approval. "I'd have been just another secretary, and pretending to like it."

"I'll bet you'd have made a darn good one, and found a way to get a kick out of it, too," Don said, smiling. "Lots of girls do like being in business."

"Of course they do—so do lots of men. But you and Pete chose farming above everything else, didn't you?"

"Yes, and it's going to be such fun, the three of us being right next door," Don declared. "We'll help you all we can. You can count on both of us."

He put out his hand impulsively, and Jill laid hers in it. "You can count on me, too," she said. "We'll make it a kind of partnership, shall we? We'll call it Robin Hill-Old Farm, Inc."

"Pretty super!" Don replied. He began singing in a clear tenor, paraphrasing the old song:

"Oh, the farmers made a deal!  
The farmers made a deal—"

Jill's soprano joined him in the chorus, and they sang it together, with gusto:

"Heigh-ho, a partnership!  
The farmers made a deal!"

THE END

## Groundwork For Flying

(Continued from page 11)

The course, covering about two years, is divided into four quarters of fifty hours each. Cadets must pass a series of tests at the end of each quarter, before they can progress into the next one. Classes don't interfere with school, being held once or twice a week in the afternoons, evenings, or Saturdays.

In localities where there are Army airfields or special primary training schools, their ground-school facilities have been made available to CAP cadets at certain times. So in many cases young civilians have access to just the same kinds of equipment that are used by their older brothers who are actual members of the Army Air Forces! In other towns and cities, work is done at local commercial airports, schools, armories.

The people who instruct these ground-school classes are local men and women—adult members of the CAP—who donate their time to help train young people for a future in aviation. All are good teachers, and each is an expert in his or her line. The gentleman with the iron-gray hair who directs infantry drill, for example—who shouts "Atten . . . shun!" and "Forward Harch!" with such vigor—may be a veteran drill-master of the first World War. The teacher of the *dits* and *dahs* of the Morse Code is no doubt a local radio expert. An experienced Red Cross instructor may teach first aid, and the young men who instruct in flying subjects are undoubtedly skilled pilots.

Does this sound very much the sort of training you're after? Then, next, you'll be asking the qualifications for a CAP cadetship. Here they are, and as you can easily see for yourself, they're impressively high.

To start with, you may be a girl or a boy, fifteen to eighteen years old. That's easy enough. Next, you must be an American citizen, and you must meet certain rigid height, weight, and health standards very much like those the Army requires of its fliers. You must be sponsored by some senior member of the CAP who will vouch for your good character and serious intentions, and you must show written consent from your parents, with an option as to whether or not you'll be permitted to fly as a passenger. You must also show evidence of good grades in your school studies, including physics, algebra, and geometry. And, in case you haven't taken these subjects yet, you must agree to start studying them at once.

Whenever you're engaged in cadet activities you'll wear a regulation uniform, which you must purchase yourself. For girls this is a khaki skirt, Army shirt, and overseas cap. On your left sleeve at the shoulder, and on your cap, is sewn the red-white-and-blue CAP insignia—with the word "Cadet" embroidered beneath the blue field. It's a proud uniform, with all the traditions of the United States Army and air force right behind it. But CAP cadets make no pledge of military service and may resign at any time.

Once you become a full-fledged cadet and join a "flight," the fun—and the hard work—begins. From the first moment you learn that flying is not play, but exacting, serious business. It demands great knowledge, attention, effort, judgment, skill, and physical fitness—just the things your CAP ground course is designed to give you.

Cadets study military courtesy and discipline, civil air regulations, communications,

(Continued on page 39)

TO YOU AND YOUR BROTHER . . .

# Slick New Tricks for building Better model planes ★



with **PLASTIC WOOD**

**NEWEST THING IN MODEL BUILDING!** Expert model builders have discovered dozens of slick new tricks you, too, can do with **Plastic Wood**. Only a few are shown here.

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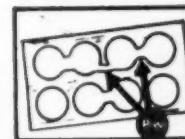
**NEW TRICKS for LANDING GEAR . . .**  
Plastic Wood holds wire landing gear firmly in balsa or pine. No wrapping. Use it for hub caps.



### ★ FREE BOOKLET . . .

"Slick New Tricks for Building Better Model Planes" . . . at your local model shop. Or, send a postcard with your name and address to: Boyle-Midway Inc., 22 E. 40th Street, New York 16, N.Y. Get your copy right away!

**SLICK for PATCHING BALSA . . .**  
Plastic Wood repairs broken balsa in a flash. Perfect for patching and filling worm holes. Comes ready to use.



Sold at hobby shops, hardware, paint and 10¢ stores!



**PLASTIC WOOD**





### World-wide Hobby

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA: Two years ago I became a Girl Scout here in La Paz. Scouting is just starting in Bolivia, but I think we have just as much fun as the Girl Scouts in the States. I am eighteen and a senior in high school, but I am just a plain Girl Scout, as we do not yet have the divisions into Intermediate and Senior Girl Scouts. I love Scouting very much. I am a student at the American Institute and speak English better than Spanish. I am not Bolivian, but a refugee from Germany. I came here in 1939.

Last Christmas my father gave me a subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have received the magazine for a year now and I simply had to write to tell you how much I love it. I love everything about it, even the advertisements. Best of all I like the stories about Bobo and Lucy Ellen, the Girl Scout features, and the department *A Penny For Your Thoughts*. I think Bobo and Lucy Ellen represent the typical American Girl at two different ages. I am now translating the stories I like best into Spanish so that I can read them to the other Girl Scouts at our meetings.

The Girl Scout features are both interesting and useful to me. I love to know about Girl Scouts in the States and I do wish I were one of them. I hope to go to your country after graduating from high school, to go to college.

I have many hobbies. My favorite one is writing to Scouts all over the world. I am corresponding with several Girl Scouts in the States, and with former Boy Scouts in the United States Army and in the British Army. My dream is to have pen pals in all the continents.

I am looking forward to my next number of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

EVA ROTHER

### Another Opinion

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: On the January page of *A Penny For Your Thoughts* I read a letter written by an older Scout who seemed to think we younger girls do not like the improvements in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I am eleven and I thoroughly enjoy the new version of the magazine. Many subteen girls in my troop give it three cheers. We enjoy the peppy stories, fashions, and tips as much as the older girls.

*THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a super magazine. Don't change it, please. It's just what all-age American girls want.

JOYCE ELAINE BOLLARDI

### For All Girls

BRONX, NEW YORK: I'm taking time to write this letter because I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading your magazine. The stories are stories that all girls should read. I think that the article *For the Younger Set* is just what we younger girls have been waiting for.

I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I've been taking this magazine for over a year now, and I am very grateful for the change in your magazine, and I know everybody else is. Here is hoping that you will always keep it that way.

VIVIAN WEITZ

### Thank You!

POCAHONTAS, IOWA: I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful new magazine you are putting out. I was getting tired of the old way and received a happy surprise the day my September issue came. The covers have all been more colorful and cheerful looking, especially the one on the January issue, which came today. Also, I want to thank you for putting in some features for us younger girls.

Hurry and have some more of those exciting stories about Lucy Ellen and Pat Downing. I also like mysteries, so please put a mystery story in now and then. Keep up the good work in the department *All Over the Map*. It keeps us in touch with our sister Girl Scouts all over the country. It gives the other troops ideas on how to help their country.

I have been a Girl Scout for almost two years. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade, and I attend the Sacred Heart School. I always give my copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to my mother when I finish with it.

RITA ANNE DONOHUE

### Weather-Minded

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS: I really love the new *AMERICAN GIRL*. The beauty, fashion, and personality tips really create a personal interest for teen-agers and subteens alike.

In addition, the articles on girls' careers in aviation, the F.B.I., etc., are super. They are really helpful to girls who have had a hard time deciding what career to follow. I have decided to be a meteorologist, from your previous article on aviation.

The stories and articles on famous people make this magazine worth having.

Keep the new *AMERICAN GIRL* coming and I'll be happy.

CAROL MAHR

### Dog Musher

FOX, ALASKA: I have been visiting my relatives in California for several months. This is where I first became acquainted with the swell magazine—*THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

All my life I have lived in Alaska. I just love it there. I have a dog team that can make some mighty long runs. My leader, Juneau, is an extremely large Husky and can take a lot of hard work. The dogs love to be mushed—in fact, they get cranky if I don't take them out a lot.

Fox is a town just north of Fairbanks. In winter, the temperature goes to fifty or sixty degrees below.

I'm planning to leave the States in a few weeks, but I'm not going to miss out on *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. My cousin has promised to send it to me. Would you put in some more stories about Claire Jameson and her dog King?

Three cheers again for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

TERRILL JAMESON

### We Take a Bow

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I have received my first copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and am certainly glad I have a three years' subscription to it.

I think it's the swellest magazine for the teen-age girl.

I like the beauty tips and movie news best of all. And that story *Little Genius* was one of the best pieces of fiction I ever read.

I am thirteen years old and all I can say is that if I were a millionaire I'd send ten orchids to a grand magazine.

GLORIA D'ADDIO

### Experienced

WILTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE: I found your story of Lucy Ellen's marriage quite interesting because I have been a flower girl, a junior bridesmaid, and a bridesmaid. It's nice to know other people's flowers shake, too.

I have just finished your article on physiotherapy and liked it very much. I enjoyed it even more because just this afternoon I watched a P. T. while she was at work. It seems very interesting to me and I hope to find out more about it.

Would you please have an article on laboratory technicians and other branches of nursing?

Thanks for the wonderful articles.

NANCY JASPER

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

## Doggy

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA: Thanks for such a swell start for the New Year with *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I just love the cover, and the stories are wonderful. The one I liked best was *Little Genius*. If I could only have the same things happen to me!

I do have one suggestion to make that might help in the future. I am just crazy about dogs. My favorites are the Pekingese and cocker spaniels. A picture of one would be darling on the cover.

IMOGENE DICKERSON

## Beauty and Fashion

LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS: I've just read my January issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I disagree very much with the girls who think there are too many styles and beauty tips. A teen-age magazine is supposed to have stories, yes, but also styles and other interesting articles—which there certainly have been. As a girl of fourteen, I enjoy reading articles on how to improve my looks and how to dress more attractively.

Most of those younger girls will want the styles and beauty tips in a little while. So why can't we have them? I'm sure that the few articles on styles will not spoil the magazine. Without them I think the magazine would be a flop. I also think that the articles and stories are equally distributed. Thanks for the swell magazine you've given us.

MARY ANN KUHLE

## Good Investment

WELLSVILLE, OHIO: I was twelve years old the fifth of December. Last spring our Girl Scout leader took subscriptions for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I was a little doubtful about using my allowance money for this magazine, because my allowance is small, and there are so many places to spend it. But never again will I hesitate to spend two dollars for such a wonderful magazine. Today when my *AMERICAN GIRL* came I hated to put it down to wash the lunch dishes.

Mother says I'm at the age where I need some beauty tips about the care of my hair, nails, skin, and clothes. She also says that this excellent girl's magazine saves her a lot of time in giving me instructions in such things.

Instead of having *THE AMERICAN GIRL* published only once a month, I wish it were published every week.

DIANA ZIPPERIAN

## Proof

CERES, CALIFORNIA: I just finished reading the January issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I thought the article on physiotherapy was swell. I would like to encourage any girl who would like to be a therapist to go ahead and study for it because they would be doing a wonderful job, especially for the crippled children of America.

The reason I am writing is that I had infantile paralysis when I was three and I have had quite a few physio treatments. They are wonderful.

I am fifteen years old. I have taken our magazine for three years and I enjoy it very much.

Now come on girls, and learn to be good therapists. We need you.

MARIE SMITH

THE END



## How you can change a rabbit into a record!

There's a touch of magic here.

For with a flick of your finger, you can change a rabbit, a friend, or a slugging baseball game into a record—

A bright, living picture-record, held for a lifetime in your photograph album!

And it takes little more than a flick of your camera's shutter to get good pictures when you use Ansco film.

You see, Ansco has a quality called "wide latitude." This simply means you can get surprisingly good pictures, even though you may make small errors in exposure.

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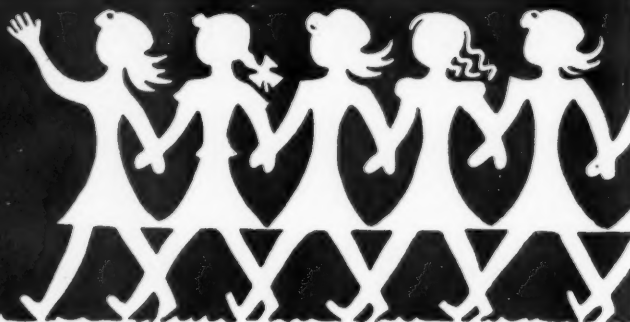
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# IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by **LLOYD WELDON**

## Dr. Spaak

It's highly unlikely that anyone watching Paul-Henri Spaak flash across the tennis courts some twenty-five years ago would have guessed the honor that would come to him in 1946.

He was a member of Belgium's International Tennis Team then, and was just back from serving his country in World War I. About two months ago, as everybody knows, he was the first man to be elected president of the General Assembly of the United Nations Organization.

Dr. Spaak's father was a poet and an opera director; his mother was the first Belgian woman senator. The young Spaak studied law but, while still in his twenties, began to devote most of his time to politics and presently he was considered the leader of Belgium's "Left Wing."

His views and his vigor soon came to be widely respected. In 1932 Spaak was elected to the Belgium parliament and four years later was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, the position he held at the outbreak of World War II. When Belgium fell he escaped—dressed in a monk's costume—through Spain to London and there headed up the Cabinet of his Government in exile. He's against King Leopold, who surrendered Belgium to the Germans, and is one of the leaders of the group trying to prevent the king's return.

Dr. Spaak, who represented his country at the San Francisco Conference last spring, is forty-seven years old and looks a little like the former British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. He has the same stocky build, the same apple cheeks, and the same gallant smile. He's a famous wit, too, and a fine orator.

For further identification we refer you to Dr. Spaak's horn-rimmed glasses and his big, wide-brimmed black hat, which sits squarely on his head like a trademark!

## Uncle Sam's Attic

When Alaska chose herself a territorial flower, she picked the forget-me-not. But ask any airman today, and he'll tell you that the time isn't far off when nobody will even consider forgetting Alaska!

For the stratospheric planes, flying high above the weather, and the new air maps, showing the Arctic zone as the world's centerpiece, indicate that Alaska is in for a big boom. Her city of Fairbanks fully expects to take its place as the aviation crossroads of the globe.

We bought Alaska from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000—about the cost of a middle-sized skyscraper in New York today. But only since the gold rush, just before the turn of the century, have we taken this great northern area seriously—this area one fourth as large as our whole country, and so rich in untouched natural resources that her wealth can't possibly be estimated.

Alaska has her own legislature and a governor appointed by our President. Her chief exports to us are gold and silver, fish and fur.

Though some of the interior sections have very long, very cold winters, in some of the coastal areas the temperature never falls below zero in winter, and rises to eighty in the summertime!

If you feel the call of the untapped north beckoning, don't start out on your northward trek unless you have at least \$2,500 in your pocket. That's the advice the Alaskan government sends to prospective pioneers—for it seems the cost of living is high these days even in frontier countries!

## Backdrop for the Liberty Bell

For many years people have been worrying out loud about the dilapidated surroundings of Philadelphia's famous Independence Hall, the scene of the signing of America's Declaration of Independence back in 1776.

It seemed all wrong that the home of the Liberty Bell, which rang out the news of the nation's birth, should be flanked with unattractive parking lots, pop stands, and souvenir booths.

So the State of Pennsylvania has decided to start doing something about it. The project will take at least a year and cost about \$4,000,000, but when it's finished, the northern section of this once dingy area will be a place of beauty, a fitting backdrop for an important American shrine.

The State plans to build a tree-lined, grassy mall extending north from the spired tower of the ancient hall for three blocks, and connecting Independence Square with the Delaware River Bridge Plaza. The only building now standing in this section which won't be demolished is the ancient Free Quaker Meeting House which was erected in 1783.

Near the future mall is Christ Church graveyard, where Benjamin Franklin and other important Revolutionary figures lie buried. The Betsy Ross House, known as the birthplace of the American flag, is also near by, as is a church where George Washington worshiped and the shop in which Benjamin Franklin had his printing establishment.

Since Pennsylvania has agreed to beautify this northern area, it's hoped that the federal government will take over the improvement of the area which stretches eastward from Independence Hall and includes such landmarks as Carpenter's Hall, where the First Continental Congress convened, and the first Bank of the United States. A bill to investigate this matter has already passed Congress.

Certainly it's worthy of beauty—this area where stirring events and courageous leaders turned this country from a colony of refugees into a nation of strength.



## QUICKIE QUIZ

1. Which is closer to New York by air—Rio de Janeiro or Nome, Alaska?
2. Which is closer to New York by air—Rio de Janeiro or Moscow?
3. Which is closer to Chicago by air—Tokyo or Moscow?
4. Which is closer to New York by air—Paris or San Francisco?

### ANSWERS:

1. Nome, Alaska is closer. New York to Rio is 4,810 miles, New York to Nome is 3,769 miles.
2. Moscow is closer than our South American neighbor, Rio, but by less than an hour's flying time—200 miles. Rio to New York: 4,810, New York to Moscow: 4,667 miles.
3. Moscow is closer to Chicago: Moscow to Chicago: 4,984 miles; Tokyo to Chicago: 6,410 miles.
4. San Francisco is closer to New York. New York to Paris: 3,622 miles. New York to San Francisco: 2,568.

(All mileages were computed by air routes already established.)



## Groundwork For Flying

(Continued from page 35)

theory of flight, meteorology, navigation, and air traffic control. And that's not all—along with these go military drill, first aid and crash training, aircraft identification. Best of all, perhaps, are the occasional plane rides for cadets who have parental permission.

Since a flier's body is subjected to forces, situations, and conditions for which nature never prepared it, it must be unusually strong and rugged. So cadets—both girls and boys—are given a strict course of physical training which improves their stamina, muscular tone, and co-ordination. All the good old health rules of diet, rest, and care of teeth are dinned into their ears—and followed, too. And they learn a great many new things about their bodies: how they react to tremendous atmospheric pressure and to positive and negative acceleration; what *anoxia* means; what *aero-embolism* is.

Learning to use the Morse Code is a lot of fun, and everyone starts off by learning the code letters for their own initials. Betty Jo Adams is feeling definitely muddled, in the first lesson, to discover that hers are "dahditditdit ditdahdahditdah," but at the end of the course she's receiving code at the rate of eight words a minute, and sending, too, with a fair degree of proficiency. The code room in a training school is arranged so that each cadet has a pair of headphones and all receive the same messages, sent out by one operator. Many cadets rig up sending keys at home too, for practice.

"To fly or not to fly?"—that's one of the most important questions a pilot has to an-

swer. Even if the plane of the future is a push-button affair, good judgment on this score will still be very vital equipment. That's why cadets learn all about the atmospheric forces behind wind and temperature changes and fog and rain, and that's why they're taught to distinguish thunderheads from fair-weather clouds, and to estimate ceiling height and visibility automatically. That's why they must become expert readers of thermometers, barometers, and hygrometers. (Do you know what it is that each of those instruments measures, by the way?) And that's the reason they're taught to interpret accurately the kind of weather reports (which include such mysterious details as dewpoint, wind direction and velocity, barometric sea-level pressure, and altimeter settings) that are available hourly to fliers in every airport in the United States.

Cadets learn about airplane engines also—the basic whys and wherefore, like the difference between air-cooled and liquid-cooled engines, and the various ways the cylinders can be arranged on the crankcase. Too, they're taught how to read the dials and gauges on the control panel—which you'll know is no small order if you've ever had a peek at a plane's dashboard!

Last in order, but not in importance, comes the study of navigation. By complex chart and instrument, cadets learn to find their way over unknown seas and lands, in sunny weather or in fog and storm. They learn to make corrections for wind, altitude, and other factors that enter into air navigation, and to use the D-4 navigation computer. A pilot must learn a lot if he is to arrive at his destination with plane intact and gas in the tank—and CAP cadets learn it!

But all this is only a start. We haven't even scratched the surface yet in describing the details of this wonderful preflight course. There's a lot more—enough to fill a fat volume with fascinating facts—and if you want them, better write straight to National Headquarters, Civil Air Patrol, Texas and Pacific Building, Fort Worth 2, Texas. They can also tell you about the preflight program in your own locality.

If you step up to the young people in CAP cadet uniforms and ask them about the course, you'll get an enthusiastic reply. They work hard at their ground school, yes—because they're interested in the subjects they study, and because they know they're getting just about the soundest possible foundation for whatever aviation career they may choose. Our own Wing Scouts are enthusiastic about the Civil Air Patrol too, for this organization has contributed a great deal to the specialized activities of these Senior Girl Scout troops, sharing cadet activities and instructors with them, and serving as their program consultants. And many a Wing Scout has gone on to a CAP cadetship.

If you become a CAP cadet, you'll be preparing yourself to help America take her place in the air world that's just around the corner. Maybe you'll be among those who'll design, build, and fly bigger, faster, and more powerful planes than we dream of in our wildest imagining. But in the meantime you must keep your feet on the ground and your mind on your groundwork. Study hard, be patient and thorough. And take General Arnold's advice: "Be greedy to learn everything you can about aviation," he says. "Your goal is well worth the effort."

THE END

## "Who says who is funny?" asks SONNY TUFTS

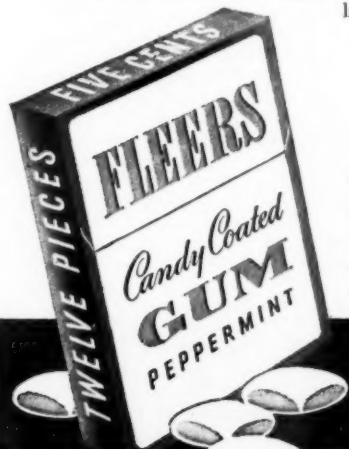
starring in the Paramount film "MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S"



"If people *don't* speak English, does that make them dumb? Or, if they don't dress like we do, are they queer?"

"No matter where they live or what they wear all people understand mutual respect and willingness to help each other. For the love of Peace, let's try to *know* our new world neighbors."

(One of a series of messages presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding.)



FLEER'S is the delicious candy-coated gum, with the *extra* peppermint flavor. It's attractive to look at, delightful to chew. Five cents for twelve flavorful fleerlets that pop out one at a time from the handy package. You'll like Fleer's ... Try it today!



## Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. MAKERS OF FINE CHEWING GUM SINCE 1885

# Speaking of MOVIES

by PRISCILLA A. SLADE

**I**F YOU LIKE your pictures somewhat on the zany side, "Little Giant," the new Abbott and Costello laugh maker, is for you. Lou Costello plays Benny Miller, an unsophisticated farm boy who takes salesmanship lessons from phonograph records, and then leaves his home and his girl to seek his fortune in the big city. Through a mistake of his Uncle Clarence (played by George Cleveland), Benny is hired by a vacuum cleaner company, and starts out to sell vacuums from door to door—a sequence that holds plenty of laughs. Abbott and Costello fans will howl when Benny's demonstration model backfires and shoots soot all over his prospect's living room. Fired for this, and then rehired by the company's branch manager (played by Bud Abbott), Benny, by a combination of luck and circumstance, sells nine vacuum cleaners in one day, and wins the company's award of \$10,000! Does our happy hero then go back to mother and his best girl? No, indeed—Benny had been tipped off that there was something a little unusual in the two sets of company books kept by Bud Abbott, and this knowledge lands Benny literally in a tubful of water. But don't worry—all ends happily and Martha, our hero's home-town sweetheart, takes Benny and his prize money home to mother.

**B**UT MAYBE ROMANCE is your dish? Then you'll revel in "A Letter for Evie" in which Marsha Hunt plays Evie O'Connor, a girl who gets herself into a romantic tangle by putting a letter in the pocket of a shirt destined to be shipped to an Army camp. Handsome "Wolf" Larsen,



Lou Costello as the simple farm boy who tries to be a salesman in "Little Giant"

played by John Carroll, gets the letter and tosses it away—but timid little Private Johnny McPherson (Hume Cronyn), whom Wolf has befriended, retrieves the letter and answers it. So starts a correspondence in which Johnny pretends he is Wolf Larsen, a former lumberjack who has had heroic adventures. Of course pictures are exchanged (Johnny sends one of Wolf), and complications snowball when both men go to see Evie at her home in Brooklyn. Still tangled in a net of misunderstanding, the soldiers go overseas, and Evie is left to find out the truth for herself. In the end, only one of the men comes back to Evie, but we won't spoil the picture by telling you which!

★ ★

★ Fay Wall, a former German actress who has just been signed for a big role in the film version of "Escape Me Never," has a very exciting "now-it-can-be-told" history. It seems that Miss Wall is one of the lucky people who succeeded in fooling the late A. Hitler and associates! Faking a bad fall on the opening night of an operetta Herr Goebbels was staging for the entertainment of SS officers, she asked the stage manager to call a doctor, who was in on the scheme. When the doctor shook his head sadly and announced that Miss Wall would never walk again, the Nazi's lost interest in the actress and eventually allowed her to leave for America.

★ Maybe you wish that there was no such thing as a sugar scarcity, but did you ever stop to pity the poor horses? Sugar lumps are supposed to be fed to a pet horse in "Escape Me Never"—but don't let appearances fool you. The lumps that are fed to the horse are pieces of apple cut to look exactly like lumps of sugar.

★ Claude Jarman, Jr., the new young star who plays the part of Jody in "The Yearling," is having so much fun acting in pictures that he doesn't consider it work. So, to earn some money the hard way, he's taken up shining shoes as a sideline. Everyone on the set pays



Marsha Hunt, star of "A Letter for Evie"

a flat fee of ten cents—except Gregory Peck, who has to pay fifteen cents. "Jody" claims that six-foot-three Mr. Peck has too much shoe for ten cents.

★ About sixty-seven years ago, San Antonio, Texas, boasted wooden sidewalks—an architectural detail that had to be reproduced for the filming of the picture "San Antonio." Hollywood had no trouble getting wooden sidewalks—but they had plenty of trouble when the boards started creaking as actors walked across them. The creaks interfered with the dialogue! The remedy? A little man who ran around silencing squeaks with an oilcan.

★ One of the most important pictures to be filmed in the near future is one detailing the complete development of the atom bomb in this country, and the vast implications it holds for the world of tomorrow. Its title, "The Beginning or the End," was borrowed from one of President Truman's speeches, in which he warned that the release of atomic energy could mean the beginning or the end of the human race. Colonel William Conso-line of the United States Army, who had the job of seeing that the atom bomb was kept a secret, will go to Hollywood as technical adviser for the picture, and other military leaders connected with the atom bomb project will be represented. Producer Sam Marx has conferred twice with President Truman on the subject, as well as with Major General Leslie R. Groves, officer in charge of the atom bomb project. And M-G-M, who will produce the picture, has made available its complete production facilities and its entire list of top stars, including Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, and Van Johnson! In "The Beginning or the End" America's men of science will see another step taken in their all-out campaign to impress the world with the deadly nature of their discovery.

THE END

## Spring Seasoning

(Continued from page 25)

cuffs can be removed for washing. If they come basted in, sit right down the minute you get home from the store, and sew snaps on them so that they can always be removed, laundered, and put back with just a twist of the wrist. Then you won't be tempted to say, "Oh, it's clean enough," just because you don't feel like sewing the collar and cuffs back on.

You can make gilets very easily, to give you a change. There are plenty of simple, inexpensive commercial patterns for them, but many girls design their own. Try lime, pink rose, or clear yellow with navy or gray. Beige looks particularly well with dark or royal blue, black, jade green, and chocolate brown. But stick to your own most becoming color, of course.

The big news about this spring's dresses is silhouette. Remember the popular polka, "Roll out the Barrel"? Apparently designers took the hint, because they've come up with a new skirtline called "The Barrel." Look at the striped dress on page 25 and you'll see what it's like. The whole thing adds up to the small waist and rounded hipline that we've been talking about for months, but this is a fresh angle (or should I say curve?) on getting that look.

**STRIPES**, plaids, and geometric prints seem to be the big fabric story this spring, with floral prints running a little behind, for a change. Two-piece combinations are good—you know, plain skirts with plain or print tops. And so is the two-piece look in a one-piece dress. At a fashion preview I saw a dressy one that was darling—navy crepe skirt and pink eyelet top with an oval neck and short, cap sleeves bound with the blue. That cap sleeve, by the way, will stand you in good stead right through the spring and summer. But watch for the return of the puff—there's one dress I know of that has a *double* puff something like the top of an Elizabethan sleeve!

Belts are absolutely terrific, and a gold mine if your wardrobe needs variety. Metal belts; red, black, blue, green belts; studded, buckled, laced; leather or fabric. Fasten a fabulous belt around your waist and you won't care if the dress is old. Buttons are gay deceivers, too. Sew great big shiny ones along the slash pockets of an old dirndl—and if the old skirt isn't considerate enough to have pockets, just fake some. Sew on a length of grograin ribbon in the shape of a slash, or make a big square patch pocket and outline it with buttons. You can get a whole new costume if you choose contrasting ribbon for your pockets and then make a blouse to match them. Wear this with the skirt and add a fine, wide belt. Start with a button and see what happens! One thing leads to another—and first thing you know, there's a whole brave new ensemble!

THE END





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City..... ( ) State.....

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☐ Pink

☐ Blue

☐ Aqua

★

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## OFF THE RECORDS

Record stuff about singers, baton wavers,  
music matter, platter chatter. . . .

by JOEY SASSO

**T**HE NEW Buddy Rich band, heard eleven times weekly over the four major networks (CBS, NBC, ABC, and Mutual) is off to a fine start, playing its first engagement at the Terrace Room in Newark, New Jersey. Buddy is featuring the hot tenor sax of George Berg, formerly with Benny Goodman, and the trumpet of Bitsy Mullins, who received recognition in band circles while with Charlie Spivak.

Officials of the Belgian Government have notified maestro Jimmie Lunceford that his jazz recording of "Belgian Stomp," which he made six years ago, has skyrocketed into position as the number-one musical favorite in Belgium since the end of the war. One hundred thousand copies of the record have been ordered, to be placed on sale in that country.

Just prior to his discharge from service, Sam Donahue, the young sax-toting maestro, received a Navy citation for the morale work he accomplished in playing for more than three million troops overseas with his famed "Band of the U. S. Navy Liberation Forces." Donahue will begin reorganization of his civilian orchestra in New York late this month.

**C**HARLIE SPIVAK, who recently concluded a highly successful engagement at the Hotel Commodore in New York, has added a gal quartette to his band. The girls, called the "Star Dreamers," will solo, as well as augment the vocal efforts of Spivak's popular male soloist, Jimmy Saunders.

Vaughn Monroe is turning song writer in earnest. Vaughn collaborated with his band's first trumpet player, Frank Ryerson, on the Monroe theme song, "Racing With The Moon," and later wrote another number, "Something Sentimental," with the same collaborator. That ditty turned into a first-rate hit. Now the baton wielder has composed still another tune, "Pleasure is All Mine." We predict that this latest Monroe-Ryerson effort will be right up there on the hit parade.

Ever since his return from Hollywood, where he appeared in 20th Century-Fox's "Doll Face," Perry Como has been busy in New York with his daily radio show. His first chance to get away from the big city came with the recent invitation he got to open the Olympic toboggan slide and be crowned King of Winter at the Lake Placid

Winter Carnival. Although he received other honors and had a pleasant, though brief vacation from New York, Perry was heard to register one complaint: "There was much too much snow at Lake Placid to play golf!"

Frank Sinatra, famous Columbia recording star, has signed a contract with MGM to make pictures at that studio for the next five years. Next picture for the VOICE will be "Till The Clouds Roll By," the life story of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker and Judy Garland will costar with Sinatra.

"Jivin' Joe Jackson," which is Count Basie's first composing effort and also his latest Columbia release, will be the initial product of the new music-publishing firm the Count is in the process of setting up. The song is set for other waxings by Bing Crosby, Harry James, Louis Prima, Vaughn Monroe, and Johnny Mercer.

Record collectors will welcome the news that Buddy Rich has just signed a recording contract with Mercury. His band, though only one month old, has won the praise of music fans the country over through its network broadcasts and its engagement at the Terrace Room in Newark, New Jersey.

### RECORD SESSIONS (Popular)

**Symphony . . . Day By Day . . . Jo Stafford . . . Capitol . . .** The first side presents Jo Stafford in fine form, singing the English lyrics of this number-one favorite of G.I.'s in France. Pitched somewhat lower than Jo's previous recordings, the beautiful melody of "Symphony" is set off by rich violin passages. Miss Stafford's clear tones are heard to full advantage in Paul Weston's arrangement. On the reverse side Jo sings a love song of wide appeal, to the accompaniment of Paul Weston's orchestra, featuring his superb string section. Accompanied by Weston's full orchestral background, Jo's vocalizing ought to make this record a hit with music lovers.

**Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin' . . . Come To Baby Do . . . Air Mail Special . . . Here Comes Heaven Again . . . Georgie Auld . . . Musicraft . . .** These four sides mark the debut of Georgie Auld's band on a Musicraft label. The first two are rhythm ditties in which the voice of Lynne Stevens is

backed by Auld's sax. The third side is an instrumental piece which will keep feet tapping throughout. Lynne Stevens sings the lovely ballad on the last side.

**Welcome To My Dreams . . . Full Moon and Empty Arms . . .** Jack Leonard . . . Majestic . . . The Majestic label brings back the former vocalist for Tommy Dorsey, Jack Leonard, who is trying to make a comeback in the music world. Both sides are done very well. Paul Baron performs a capable conducting job, creating a warm, sweet orchestra mood as a background for Leonard's singing.

**Honey . . . I'm Always Chasing Rainbows . . .** Ted Martin . . . DeLuxe . . . Both sides of this record are tuneful old favorites, sung by Martin and backed by the close harmonies of the Mack Triplets and the violin-paced music of Emil Coleman.

**Blues For My Daddy . . . Variety Blues . . . Lillette's Boogie . . . That's What Happened To Me . . .** Lillette Thomas . . . Sterling . . . This new label introduces a new artist, Lillette Thomas, in four original numbers. There is plenty of appeal in her singing of the blues, and her expert performance on the keyboard. With the backing of a small band which includes a tenor sax and rhythm section, Miss Thomas sings on the first two sides, and shows off a good piano style of eight to the bar on the last two sides.

**It's Been A Long, Long Time . . . Chico, Chico . . .** The Five De Marco Sisters . . . Majestic . . . The first is a lovely ballad vocalized by the Five De Marco Sisters, with Bud Freeman's tenor sax and the orchestra providing the background. The plattermate is a potential hit that may keep the disk spinning for a long time to come.

**When The Old Gang's Back On The Corner Again . . . The Blues Can Jump . . .** The Four Blues . . . De Luxe . . . These four lads do a fine job of harmonizing on the first side, with plenty of rhythm throughout. Plattermate features an electric guitar with bass and piano instrumental bits. This record looks like another hit for the Blues which will keep the home phonographs as well as the juke boxes spinning it over and over again.

**Time And Again . . . Is Is . . .** Stuff Smith . . . Musicraft . . . Here is a beautiful and haunting Smith original sung by Sarah Vaughn, with fine violin work by Smith supported by piano and guitar. The reverse side has another well-done Stuff Smith original.

#### Classical

**Verdi:** Overture to "La Forza del Destino" Victor Album. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Hard on the heels of the success of Arturo Toscanini's recording of an album of Rossini Overtures (DV 2), comes the release of another Italian overture recorded for Victor by the maestro and the great orchestra which was organized for him. It is the Overture to Giuseppe Verdi's opera "La Forza del Destino," (The Force of Destiny), which had

(Continued on page 45)

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# Radio



by **CLAIRE ANDERLEY**

**F**UN can be found practically any time and anywhere, but the only place where fun is collected systematically and filed alphabetically is in the radio business. Almost every gag writer has his gag file—an endless library of jokes—and almost every comedy show on the air waves is the result of much hair-pulling and sweating over that joke collection.

Jack Kirkwood, one of radio's funnymen, literally has a million dollar file—a million gags insured by Lloyd's of London at a dollar a gag—and that's no gag! It's the most expensive file in the world. Jack collected it himself when he used to write his own scripts, but now that his show runs "across the board" (five times a week, Monday through Friday) he carefully lends it to his staff of writers as a source of inspiration. Kirkwood has five writers nowadays, all of them newcomers. Big-name radio writers are taboo with Jack, because his humor is his own particular brand. He says that experienced gag writers are bound to develop a comedy style of their own, and aren't as amenable to an indoctrination course in the Kirkwood humor as are promising newcomers.

**I**N the old days—before you were even big enough to reach a radio dial—a comedy show was just a lot of jokes, strung loosely together. But times have changed, and now successful gag men work around one central theme. They settle on a show's format, its basic skeleton, and then, week after week, they stick to that established structure and build around it. In almost every case, of course, it's your comedian—a set character in a constant setting—who's Mr. Kingpin of the show.

To show you what we mean, let's take a look behind the scenes at the Danny Kaye show. Goodman Ace (of "Easy Aces" fame) is the writer, and he sees to it that Danny is a "character" who's *always* "in character," a fellow who always wanted a radio show, but never had one. Danny always wants celebrities, the gimmick (radio lingo for reason for introducing a situation or a spot) being to sell the sponsor's product to them. And Butterfly McQueen (did you know she was Prissy in "Gone With The Wind"?) plays a one-girl fan club who follows Danny around. There's the cast and, in this case, they themselves furnish the format. So there you have the bare bones of every Danny Kaye show.

"The next thing," says Goodie, "is to construct the gags. You can develop a gag in any way at all, but put the punch at the end. Every gag has to have a punch, but every gag has to be explained, too. People laugh only at familiar things, and a new technique must be repeated till it's old and gray before you get a laugh."

Goodie Ace started out, at the age of eighteen, as the "Kansas City Post's" most "promising" columnist—he always promised the column a day ahead but never got there. He ambled into radio on a "promising" basis, too, but with the help of his wife, Jane, he managed to get his first script in by the deadline, and what's more, he kept it up for fourteen years. He's still progressing in a promising way as the writer, director, and producer of the ever popular Danny Kaye show.

A tall, cigar-smoking man with heavy eyebrows, thick-rimmed glasses, and a white dog named "Blackie," Goodie Ace is one of radio's most colorful people. His ambition is to write a stage play—a comedy, no doubt—but he seems to have his hands pretty full just now, thanks. Of all the comedy writers in the business, he's the one to experiment most with new techniques. Ever notice the revolutionary way in which he lets Danny Kaye come on cold at the very beginning of his show—no build-up, no introduction? How many of the other big comedy shows that you can remember start right off the bat like that?

Danny and his wife, Sylvia Fine, also write some of the routines used on the show, and when Mrs. Kaye gets together with Goodie they discuss Danny in the third person, while he sits there nonchalantly and discusses himself in the third person too, just so there won't be any misunderstandings! Danny Kaye is a quiet fellow with lots of blond hair, laughing eyes, and unlimited amounts of nervous energy—he can't remain idle for more than thirty seconds. Sylvia, a total contrast, is completely relaxed.

**T**HE strain of radio, the constant grind, the everlasting need for another show right away, is probably the strongest reason for much of the low caliber comedy on the air. In radio, as you take the bows for tonight's show your mind is churning away on next week's script, due in six days. As a result of such short time intervals, gag writers are in demand. Once a show has clicked, the

sponsors and stars don't like to change writers, and no lone writer can be funny every week for fifty-two weeks, even with a million gags in his file. Newcomers with a fresh slant on humor are welcomed by every comedian seeking to enlarge his staff. In radio a comedian is only as funny as his script, and the need for scripts never lets up. The comedian's function is to put the gags across. And there's our old theory that the writer's the most important cog in the radio wheel popping up all over again!



Isn't it a heck of a note—this Phil Thee Lucre, this Charlie McCarthy Mazuma? We'll mail samples while our supply lasts!

Even Edgar Bergen, who has three established voices as a source of comedy, takes tremendous pains with his script, for he knows that even the funniest voice can't put across a gag that's weakly constructed. Charlie McCarthy's saucy fun is thoroughly hashed out week after week by Bergen and his three experienced gag men—Alan Smith, Royal Foster, and Zeno Klinker (no relation to Effie). Smith and Foster have been with Bergen for nine years.

Here's how one of their "gag sessions" works. First they decide what Charlie's going to do this week. How much trouble is he going to fall into? How can Charlie remain the sophisticated child every week without losing any of his spontaneity? That's the problem, and there's only one solution. Bergen, Smith, Foster, and Klinker squeeze every little gray cell for all it's worth, and at the

(Address any questions you'd like to have answered on how radio functions behind the scenes to Radio Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No questions can be answered unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.)



end of the week Charlie charms all of his many fans.

Always, Charlie is the center of all proceedings. His creators all believe in him as they would in a live character, and when his lines are written, Mortimer Snerd and Effie Clinker (his "colleagues" on the air) fall into place.

Bergen has the same format every week. Why not analyze the program next Sunday night? First you're sure to hear Charlie's "spot"—he sets the program's mood and pace. Then listen while the orchestra and singer take over for a musical interlude. The commercial follows. Next, just like clockwork, you'll hear Charlie come back with Effie and Mortimer. Then the guest star joins them for a frolic, and twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds are up. Five days of solid writing and concentration are laughed away in half an hour!

THE "Bergen clan," like most radio people, have little spare time, but when they do have a party you can be sure it's the zaniest one in the world. Needless to say, gag writers are hilarious men, and Bergen is a rarity—a comedian who is a natural wit. As such, he's had the honor of being among the top ten radio performers since his first appearance, a distinction that's earned Charlie a large allowance of "bogus bills"—Charlie McCarthy mazuma, happy cabbage, cereal number ou82much, by Phill Thee Lucre. Look on page 44 and you'll see both sides of the situation. If you want to own one of these make-believe bills ask us to mail you one, and better write soon, for our supply is limited. Address? Radio, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. You can have a lot of fun with this imaginary money! Just ask for one of the "McCarthy Mazuma," bills and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Off the Records

(Continued from page 43)

its first performance in 1862 in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Russia. The opera, which remains in the repertory of most of the leading opera companies in the world, including New York's Metropolitan, was only a moderate success at its premiere; seven years later, Verdi revised it extensively before presenting it to the public again. This is music which Toscanini plays with the heart as well as the head.

**Ravel:** "Bolero"; **Massenet:** "Thais—Meditation." Andrew Kostelanetz . . . Columbia Album. A new recording of one of the twentieth century's most exciting compositions introduces a new orchestra to record collectors. The Robin Hood Dell Orchestra is made up of musicians from the Philadelphia Orchestra, and derives its name from the picturesque natural amphitheater in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park where it has been presenting summer concerts for many years. In its first Columbia album this group of virtuosos, dynamically directed by Andrew Kostelanetz, gives a thrilling performance of Ravel's "Bolero," which has been acclaimed ever since it was first danced by Ida Rubinstein in 1928. As an extra dividend, on the last record side is the always popular "Meditation" from Massenet's opera, "Thais."

**Mozart:** Il Re Pastore—"L'Amoro, Saro

Most of radio's successful comedy shows are patterned after the everyday experiences of everyday people. A bride in the kitchen, a businessman catching the 8:05, a baby who keeps asking "Why?"—all are good for a laugh just because they're universal and familiar. In fact it's an axiom that a successful radio program is one which *could* happen to anyone who happened to be sitting in the audience.

With this in mind, Jack Carson's writers—Henry Taylor, Marvin Fisher, and Dick McKnight—get together in Marvin's home in Hollywood to conceive each week's show. The meeting is set for ten o'clock in the morning. At twelve thirty Dick arrives, gripping at a world that forces him to work at such a barbaric hour. His laments awaken Marvin Fisher, who always blames the alarm clock for his appearances, whether they are early or late. It's gotten to the point where he can't tell the difference. Taylor then straggles in, and after breakfast they sit down to think. Suddenly, three hours later, Fisher yells, "I've got it! How about writing a sketch having Carson going to the football game?" SILENCE. An hour later McKnight jumps up. "Why haven't we thought of this before? How about Carson making a date with two girls and landing in the soup?" SILENCE.

At about three o'clock the next morning—a script featuring Carson as a gas station attendant is ready. And that's how a radio show is born. Two days later the audience tunes in—and, strangely enough, Jack has the best time of all!

Regarding radio writing as a career, Henry Taylor once squelched the query of a visiting fireman, "How do you like being a writer?" with an indignant "What? And work for \$2500 a week!"

Well, it *could* be!

THE END

Costante" . . . Lily Pons . . . Columbia. One of Mozart's earliest dramatic works is "Il Re Pastore" (*The Shepherd King*) which he composed when he was only nineteen years old. The present aria, the only portion of the opera heard today, occurs in the second act. The part—originally taken by a male soprano—is sung by the hero, Aminta. On this record it is given a most authoritative performance by two Mozart specialists, the brilliant coloratura soprano, Lily Pons, and the inspiring conductor, Bruno Walter, with an elaborate violin obbligato played by Mishel Piastro.

**Chopin:** "Nocturne in F Sharp," Op. 15, No. 2. **Rimsky-Korsakoff:** "Flight of the Bumblebee." **Liadoff:** "The Music Box," Op. 32 . . . Alexander Brailowsky, pianist . . . Victor. This season is proving to be a busy one for the distinguished Russian pianist Alexander Brailowsky. In December he interrupted his usual American concert tour to make some twenty recital appearances in the British Isles and France. In May, at the end of his American concert season, he will fly to South America for another of his frequent and always record-breaking tours of that continent. But in the meantime, his admirers will now be able to buy three of his most popular encores on a single twelve-inch Red Seal record.

THE END

## The American Girl



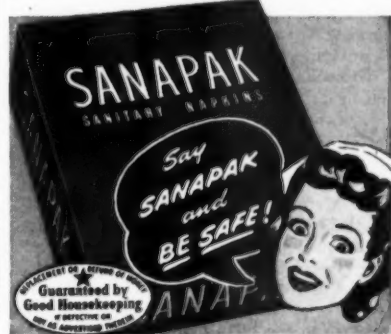
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# BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

IT WAS at the signing of the Declaration of Independence that Benjamin Franklin made his famous statement, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately." He was speaking of unity among the diverse colonies which made up our newborn nation. The essence of his statement is true today in a world-wide sense. In this atomic age, there is a strong likelihood that if the nations of the world do not learn how to get along together, they will perish. Surely our great and powerful country, made up as it is of citizens of such varied national backgrounds, should take a leading part in fostering international understanding.

One of the best ways to do this is to learn as much as possible about the other fellow. For you who will so soon be taking an active part in the affairs of your country, here are some interesting books which tell of other lands and other peoples. There are three on Russia. As an American businessman traveling through Siberia remarks in one of the books, "Even if we disagree on the right way to run a country, I don't see why we should quarrel. It looks as if Russia might be America's best customer." Certainly she will play an important part in world affairs, and you will want to know as much as possible about her.

## Our Good Neighbors in Soviet Russia

BY WALLACE WEST AND JAMES P. MITCHELL. *Noble and Noble*, \$1.50. With the co-operation of the American-Russian Institute and other authorities on Soviet Russia, the authors present a sort of bird's-eye view of Russia's past and present. After a brief sketch of the highlights of Russian history up to the birth of the U.S.S.R., there is a more detailed account of conditions in Russia under the Soviets, and the working out of the three Five-Year Plans. You can only marvel at the way this backward country pulled itself up by its bootstraps, performing in a couple of decades what it took us a century to accomplish. Just before the German invasion of World War II, the reader joins Tovarishch Borodin and his son on a tour of inspection of the far-flung republics of the Soviet Union, from the frozen tundras of the Far North to the "Riviera" of the Black Sea ports; and from the deserts of Central Asia to Siberia and the Far East. We meet the people at work and at play, and learn how and for what they live. The speed of the tour and the rapidity of the industrialization of a backward peasant country may leave you breathless, but you will have also a pretty good idea of what modern Russia is like, the vastness of her resources, the grand scale on which Russian projects are planned and executed, and how and why her citizens were able to make the heroic defense against invasion which amazed the world.

## Peoples of the U.S.S.R.

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG. *The Macmillan Company*, \$3.50. We used to call all the Soviet people Russians, but actually the Russians are only one of a hundred or so peoples living in the sixteen Soviet republics. Here is a melting pot of different languages, customs, races, and religions as great as we have in the United States. Who are these less familiar Soviet people who, with the Russians, are building a federation of united nations? The author of this book knows them well, for she has lived with them



for over twenty years, on long visits to fifteen of the sixteen republics. She tells a fascinating story of their past and present. Some of these lands have been a highway between Europe and Asia over which have passed the civilizations of the ancient world. Many have been fought over by powerful nations for hundreds of years. All have been kept in poverty and ignorance by despotic rulers and their selfish nobles. Now they are engaged in building a modern, self-sufficient nation, with an industrial capacity second only to ours, in which there is education and opportunity for all, and in which "neither language nor color of skin, nor cultural backwardness, nor the stage of political development can justify national and race inequality"—and all this in an astoundingly short time. More than a hundred beautiful pictures of modern Russia, and the author's familiarity with and enthusiasm for her subject, make you long for a chance to see the country for yourself. Who knows? Maybe many of you will.

## Lenin

BY NINA BROWN BAKER. *The Vanguard Press*, \$2.50. Of course you'll want to know something about Russia's great man of modern times. We meet him in the book as Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov, younger son of a peasant school superintendent, helping to entertain the best people in town (including six priests) at his mother's good-party in honor of her eldest son, who is going off to the University. Then comes the

shock of his brother's execution as a member of a revolutionary group, and Ilyitch's frantic but vain efforts to obtain help for his mother from her former guests. The author suggests that this incident may have accounted for Lenin's distrust of the middle class and the clergy. Ilyitch enrolled at the University of St. Petersburg, was expelled, and continued his studies alone, firmly dedicated to the overthrow of the czar's government. Later exiled to Siberia, he married Nadezhda Krupskaya, an ardent socialist and a brilliant woman, who devoted her life to him. When their exile was over, they went abroad to live, and gave themselves completely to furthering their plans for the betterment of the lot of the oppressed Russian masses through revolution. For protection, Ilyitch gave up his name, becoming known from then on as Nikolai Lenin. After the overthrow of the czar and the downfall of the Kerensky government, Lenin, as head of the Bolshevik party, directed his nation through the first years of one of the greatest upheavals in history. There, in the Kremlin of the czars, he remained until his death in 1924, the same quiet, scholarly man with the face of a college professor, living as simply as the humblest comrade, and working for the long-term benefit of the great mass of the Russian people.

## Gold in the Streets

BY MARY VARDAULAKIS. *Dodd, Mead & Company*, \$2.50. Back at the turn of the century, George Vardas wondered how, in poverty-stricken Crete, he was ever going to save money for his sisters' dowries—to say nothing of a nest egg for himself, so that he could marry the priest's lovely daughter. His friends had financial worries, too. Naturally the stories of America's easy money, told by an agent of a New England textile mill, fell on willing ears, and the young Greeks were eager to exchange the safety of their drowsy, sun-baked villages for the homesickness, the fears, the dangers, the wonder, and the opportunity that was to be theirs in the new land. They are unforgettable characters, these young men—hot-headed, jealous of their honor, gifted with ready laughter, simple, loyal, friendly, and generous to a fault. You will rejoice at their gradual Americanization and leave them reluctantly at the end, as they look forward to the happy realization of their dreams. The author, winner of the fourth Dodd, Mead Intercollegiate Fellowship, awarded annually to a student in an American or Canadian college, is the daughter of Greek immigrants, and she spent four years in her parents' homeland. She has a gift for characterization and writes with warmth and humor which make every page of her story enjoyable reading. As you come to know the

Greek men and women as they are pictured in this book, it becomes easy to understand how a nation of such people would do no less than put up the quixotically heroic resistance that thrilled the world in 1941.

## The Piasts of Poland

**BY ANTONI GRONOWICZ.** *Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.50.* What is to be the future of Poland? This is a question which concerns people everywhere. Perhaps your team will debate this topic one of these days, and if you want to be up on the subject you will find reading this history of Poland a very pleasant way to acquire the necessary knowledge. The author is a graduate of Lwow University who majored in history and later came to this country, where he published several books with Polish settings. He tells Poland's story in an original way through the medium of Stefan Piast, a Polish peasant whose name is the same as that of Poland's first kings. Stefan, whose story forms the prologue and epilogue for the long, colorful history of Poland, has acquired a farm, built a comfortable home, educated himself, and is planning to educate his children, when without warning the Nazis attack. The Piasts seek refuge in Russia and, as Stefan turns his hand to whatever will help the Russians against the Germans, he mulls over the turbulent history of his country and her relationship with her neighbors, Russia and Germany. The chapters on recent events will help to clarify them for you and will interest you as reflecting the viewpoint of a liberal Pole. After the formation of the Polish Provisional Government, the Piasts return home and the hammers of reconstruction sound throughout the land, as the Polish people turn with characteristic hope toward rebuilding a country which shall be better than the old.

THE END

## Hallelujah Day!

(Continued from page 13)

Why, we could even make a feature of it!"

There was no resisting Katrine's enthusiasm, and at last Mrs. Ruyter gave in—not only gave in, but offered a suggestion herself. "Of course Topsfield is a famous old place," she said. "People might be willing to pay to see this part of the house—in addition, I mean, to paying for their luncheon or dinner in the south ell."

Katrine could scarcely believe her ears. "Why, Mother, you angel," she exclaimed, kissing her. "It's a wonderful idea, and it won't cost us an extra cent. Perhaps Corn could be persuaded to act as guide. He's just been studying American history, and you know he likes a chance to air his knowledge."

But turning Topsfield into a teahouse wasn't to be as easy as all that. Katrine soon found herself bogged down in a sea of details. At the city hall she procured her victualer's license. She visited the ration board, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. Money went pouring through her fingers for supplies of all sorts, as if it had been sand. A little sick at heart, she watched her emergency fund dwindle to nothing. There were moments when she felt as if she were caught in a trap. But she couldn't turn back now.

Once or twice Mrs. Ruyter protested that she was working too hard, but Katrine's energy was boundless. She supervised Oliver's

cleaning of the south ell. She helped Mandy to wash, starch, and iron dozens of pairs of white ruffled curtains. She counted china, glassware, and silver until she was dizzy. In years gone by Topsfield had been the scene of many a great banquet. There was enough of all these things—for the present, anyway, Katrina decided.

And so, finally, the day came in early July when the great doors of Topsfield stood open, ready to receive the first guests. All the previous week Katrine had run a brief advertisement to that effect in the Buxton "News," but in spite of this, she experienced a moment of wild panic. Suppose no one came? Think of the wasted food, and the expense! What had ever made her think she was capable of running a teahouse anyway, when the only experience she had ever had was lending Mandy a hand in the kitchen occasionally?

**H**ER HEART heavy with doubt, she ran indoors to make a final inspection of everything. She found Lucindy May, whom she had inveigled into coming back to Topsfield to help with the serving, finishing up the table setting. The silver was properly spaced, the napkins neatly folded, and in the center of each table she had put a small glass vase filled with mignonette, larkspur, and yellow roses. Even Lucindy May's lime-green uniform, with its frilly white apron, blended harmoniously into the color scheme of the room, adding to the effect of coolness it presented. Yes—especially on a warm day like this—it was a pleasant place to eat, she thought, her heart once more warming to its natural beat.

Out in the kitchen Katrine found Mandy, her forehead furrowed in a deep frown, staring out of one of the windows.

"What on earth's the matter, Mandy?" Katrine asked, puzzled.

"My ole bones tell me a storm's a-comin'." Mandy shook her head and pointed to the clouds overhead. "They're a-bustin' with wind and rain right now."

"But you said this was going to be a hallelujah day," Katrine reminded her, laughing. Any special day was always a hallelujah day to Mandy.

Mandy groaned and repeated, "Feel it in my bones."

Then, noticing for the first time the peculiar, yellowish-green light in the sky, Katrine recalled that the last time Mandy had predicted a hallelujah day, Cornelius had tumbled out of an apple tree and broken his arm!

Vaguely disturbed by Mandy's prediction of a storm, Katrine went to the library and switched on the radio. She'd been so busy all morning that she hadn't had a chance to listen in. Her mother was working at the desk, and looked up to say, "At last I've got all those original old recipes together. A little later, perhaps we can have them printed in pamphlet form. Then we could sell them. It might help boost the budget."

"Why Mother, what a grand ideal!" Katrine exclaimed, both pleased and surprised. The radio crackled with static, and she tuned to another station explaining, "I just want to get the weather report."

"... fierce storm sweeping up from the south with a wind velocity of seventy-three miles per hour," the voice of the announcer boomed into the room.

Somewhere a shutter slammed. It was beginning to blow already. Katrine caught her breath. "It can't—it can't do this to me!" she



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cried in a voice choked with emotion. "Where's Corn, Mother?"

"Up in the attic polishing those old chairs you--"

Before Mrs. Ruyter could finish her sentence, the storm was upon them with the suddenness and violence of a tropical hurricane. The whole house shuddered under its onslaught. The wind, coming in gusty blasts at first, soon increased to a steady, driving force. It swept before it everything in its path--leaves, sticks, bits of paper, small branches, bigger ones and still bigger ones--until the air was full of whirling objects. A whole row of wooden shingles was ripped off the barn roof; one of the chicken houses was upended and sent spinning like a gigantic cart wheel across the road. Katrine stared fascinated, unable to move. It was as if the wind were carrying away with it all her dreams, her hopes, and her plans, leaving her empty and weak-kneed.

There came a splintering crash, and she saw one of the locust trees by the front path snapped off and tossed across the steps, as if it were nothing more than a matchstick. Cornelius came racing down the stairs. "Jeepers, what a storm!"

Close on the heels of the wind came a torrential downpour of rain. It rattled against the roof and the windows like so much shrapnel. In no time at all it overflowed the gutters and sent a stream of water rushing across the driveway. As Katrine hastened from one room to another, she saw that the rain was already coming in around many of the window casements. Grabbing up an armful of old towels, she tried to sop up the water, but finally gave up in despair. It was coming in at too many places.

**T**HE STORM ended as it had come, with startling abruptness. Katrine felt numb as she saw the havoc it had wrought in so short a space of time. They were in debt already. What would all this mean? Probably Gage would have to come home from New York.

"Open your eyes"--no, never again! She wouldn't look anywhere but straight in front of her nose. Old Cornelius had been dead for going on two hundred years, anyway. Why did he have to haunt her with his screwy theory about life?

Fortunately the only damage to the house was a missing shutter and one porch pillar twisted slightly askew by the falling locust tree. But the back yard and the garden were a shambles. The chickens were running wild all over the place. Katrine made an effort to drive them back where they belonged, but succeeded only in frightening them farther away. The air was filled with their squawks. Finally she gave up and went back into the house.

Corn met her at the door. "Just saw a couple of truckloads of soldiers," he said breathlessly. "They must be going down to sandbag the river, to keep the bridge from being carried away--the water's coming up over the banks now. I'm going down to help, too." And he was off before Katrine could say anything.

Fortunately there was no actual danger to them from the river. Topfield stood on a hill, and the river ran through the lower meadow a mile or more away. But if the bridge went, all through traffic to the city would be detoured. That might mean that for months to come Topfield would be as isolated as a desert country, and her nightmare of having no one patronize their tea-

house would become a reality. Katrine didn't dare look any further ahead into the future. Her mother called her, and she went to see what was wanted.

"Darling, we've got to do something about all this food. The electricity's off, so there's no refrigeration."

"Oh, Mother, how awful!" Katrine was stunned. "Nothing will keep very long in this heat. I can't bear it if all those chickens--wait, Mother, I have an idea. Corn said a couple of truckloads of soldiers just went down to the river. I'll send Oliver down to tell Corn to bring them all back with him when they're through."

"Do you think they can fix the power lines?"

Katrine gave a short laugh. "What I was thinking was that they can eat up our food to save it. Even if the bridge doesn't wash away, we won't be straightened out around here for several days, at least."

Mrs. Ruyter gave her daughter a helpless, bewildered look. "I suppose you're right, Katrine. There doesn't seem to be anything else to do."

**T**WO HOURS later, when Katrine hurried to the door in response to the insistent clamor of the great knocker, she found herself facing some twenty-five or thirty khaki-clad men, somewhat dirty, but eager. Corn was standing in the midst of them, grinning all over his face.

"I didn't have to invite them twice," he told Katrine, with an emphatic nod of his towhead.

One of the men stepped forward, saluted smartly, and introduced himself. "Corporal Brown, reporting for duty," he said in a slow Texas drawl, a merry twinkle in his blue eyes. "We saved the bridge; now we've come to save the food. And I might say all the men agree this is the pleasantest duty we've ever been called upon to undertake."

"You can consider you're doing me a favor," Katrine told him, her eyes crinkling, for the first time since the storm, into a real smile. "The more you eat, the better I'll like it."

The men laughed. One of them called out, "Just show us the way."

"We're heating things up again. We didn't know exactly when to expect you, so there'll be a slight delay."

"Seems as if while we wait," the corporal remarked, "we might kind of straighten things up a bit for you. I take it this tree here doesn't rightly belong on your front steps." As he spoke, he kicked at one of the branches of the locust tree. Then, turning to the men, "What do you say about lending a hand, fellows?"

Their answer was a good-natured chorus of "Let's go! Give me an ax. I'll take a rake!"

Corn got them the tools they wanted while Katrine, her heart considerably lighter, went back to the kitchen. And in an incredibly short space of time, order began to emerge from the chaos of the storm. The locust tree was dragged off to the back yard, where it could be cut up later for firewood. The garden was cleared of debris, the path and driveway carefully raked, and all the rubbish deposited in the "dump" back of the barn. With a bowl of chicken feed, one of the men inveigled the chickens back where they belonged; then he mended the hole in the fence through which they had escaped. It was Corporal Brown himself who repaired the sign, which had been wrenched away

(Continued on page 50)

# Jokes

## SHAGGY DOG

Seeing a man and a dog playing checkers, the spectator expressed amazement and said the dog would make the man's fortune in the movies or a circus. The man was unimpressed. "I wouldn't say he was so smart," he declared. "I've beaten him four out of the last five games."

Sent by ANNE CARLSON, Ludlow, Pennsylvania.

## JUST LIKE HOME

GUIDE: This castle has stood for three hundred years. Not a stone has been touched. Nothing has been replaced or even repaired.

VISITING YANK: Must have the same landlord over here.

Sent by BETTY BEENES, Chicago, Illinois.

## WAYS AND MEANS

SMALL BOY: Father said will you please lend us the radio tonight?

NEIGHBOR: With pleasure, sonny. Are you giving a party tonight?

SMALL BOY: No, sir, we want to get some sleep.

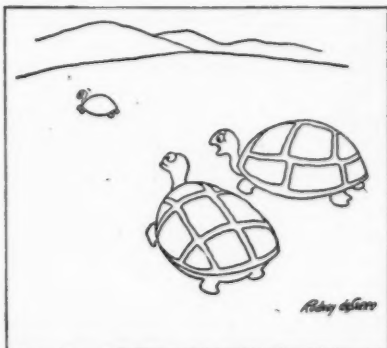
Sent by REBECCA DUNN, Marshfield, Wis.

## ONE TOO MANY

An Army mule named Maggie was buried, and the following inscription appeared on the grave:

"In memory of Maggie who, in her lifetime, kicked one general, four colonels, two majors, ten captains, twenty-four lieutenants, forty-two sergeants, 545 privates, and one bomb."

Sent by JEAN PEDIGO, Vinton, Virginia.



Courtesy of Collier's

"I think Junior's running away again. The next few days will tell."

## ORIGINAL

POOR GOLFER: Well, how do you like my game?

CADDY: I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf.

Sent by CAROLYN C. MAULL, Rutherford, N. J.

## PROGRESS

A fly and her daughter were walking down the middle of an elderly man's bald head.

"How things change, my dear," said Mama Fly. "When I was your age, this plaza was only a footpath."

Sent by KATHERINE WILLIAMS, St. Louis, Mo.

## COST OF LIVING

"How's this, waiter? You've charged me two dollars and a half for a piece of planked steak."

"Sorry, sir, but lumber's gone up again."

Sent by BARBARA SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

## SHE KNEW

AFRICAN HUNTER: While wandering around the native village I spotted a leopard.

SWEET YOUNG THING: Don't be silly, they grow that way.

Sent by DOROTHY FREEMAN, Belcher, Louisiana.

## COMMON SENSE

FIRST-AID INSTRUCTOR: How would you rescue a man from drowning?

EAGER PUPIL: That's easy. First you take the man out of the water and then you take the water out of the man.

Sent by PATTY SELVY, Princeton, W. Va.

## EVERY TIME

TEACHER: What happens when the human body is submerged in water?

STUDENT: The phone rings.

Sent by VIRGINIA JEAN PHILLIPS, Baltimore, Md.

## BARGAIN

An auto of ancient vintage puffed and wheezed up to a tollgate.

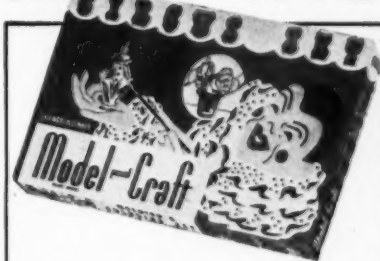
"Fifty cents," the attendant said.

"Sold!" cried the driver.

Sent by EVA WOLFROM, Columbus, Ohio.

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# Hallelujah Day!

(Continued from page 48)

from one of its supports by the wind, and fastened it back in place.

When finally they were all gathered together in the big dining room, Katrine said to them, "I can never thank you for all that you've done. With only my brother Cornelius and Oliver to help, it would have taken us days—weeks, perhaps—to accomplish what you have done in a few minutes."

Corporal Brown replied, "We're mighty

proud to help. Guess every man here, when he was a kid at school, read about Topsyfield. To be able to say he's eaten his dinner here is something to write home about."

And Mandy's dinner was something to write home about—fricasseed chicken, fluffy mashed potatoes, fresh garden peas cooked with mint, baking-powder biscuits as light as feathers. To go with the biscuits there was honey, and blackberry jelly. And to top off the feast, there was Mandy's famous cherry pie, crisscrossed with a latticework of flaky crust.

Once, during the dinner, Mandy whis-

pered to Katrine—and there was a chuckle in her voice again—"This here's de hallelujah part of de day!"

Yes, it certainly was the hallelujah part of the day, Katrine thought, as she undressed that night. But what of the next day—and the day after? Could she make a go of it? It might take a long time to attract a regular clientele. It had been fun watching the soldiers pitch into Mandy's food, but a few more happenings like this, and where would they all be? With these thoughts whirling round and round in her mind, she fell at last into deep but restless sleep.

Coming down to breakfast next morning, she found her mother and Cornelius there ahead of her. She had scarcely seated herself before Corn burst out, "Wait till you read what's in the paper!" as he thrust the Buxton "News" under her nose.

Katrine gave a quick glance at the headline STORM DAMAGE MOUNTS INTO MILLIONS and put the paper down again. "I don't need to read about that!" she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. She picked up her orange juice and was about to sip it when her mother explained.

"That's not what Corn means. He's referring to the item under Bill Cummings' column. I think you will be interested."

Katrine picked up the paper again, and this time she began to read avidly. Once or twice she exclaimed, "Golly! Oh, golly!" Finally she looked up to ask, "How did Bill Cummings find out about all this?"

Cornelius swallowed hard before answering, "I guess Corporal Brown had been told him."

"Yes, but who told Corporal Brown?"

"Well, maybe I told Corporal Brown a few things," Cornelius admitted.

"A few things!" Katrine echoed. "I think you did a pretty good job of telling all! Why, Mother, Bill Cummings even hints in this article about your forthcoming book of recipes. Just listen to this: 'It is understood that the secrets of Topsyfield cookery will soon be revealed to the public in a collection of famous recipes gleaned from the journals of Elizabeth de Ruyter, wife of the builder of Topsyfield!'"

"But jeppers, Katrine, don't you see?" Cornelius interrupted. "Bill Cummings' column is syndicated. Everybody reads it. It's marvelous advertising!"

A feather of a smile flicked across Katrine's face. "Why, Corn, I hadn't thought of that." She re-read aloud: HUNGRY G.I.'S AGREE FOOD AT TOPSFIELD IS REALLY TOPS.

Just then the telephone rang and Lucindy May went to answer it. Soon she was standing in the doorway. "Pardon me, Miss Katrine," she said, "there's a gentleman on the line, says he wants to make reservations for twelve for dinner Saturday night."

With a wave of his hand, Cornelius said, "Here they come! What did I tell you?"

For a brief moment, Katrine was the efficient mistress of the Topsyfield Teahouse. "Get his name, Lucindy May, and ask what time he wishes dinner served." Then, her face beaming, she turned to her brother, "I guess you're right, Corn, and old Cornelius was right, too!"

Toward the latter part of September, Katrine dispatched the following wire to Gage:

AFTER SUCCESSFUL SEASON CLOSING TOPSFIELD TEAHOUSE UNTIL NEXT SUMMER STOPPING OFF TO SEE YOU MONDAY EN ROUTE TO CAMBRIDGE. LOVE.

THE END

March, 1946

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Includes stamps from Tanganyika—British Cayman Islands—Airmail—Scarce Baby-head—Crown—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps—with Big Catalogue—all given—send 3c postage.

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The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

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**ABYSSINIA, CAYMAN ISLANDS, TRIANGLE—GIVEN!** Abyssinia Red Cross "Monkey Issue", Cayman Islands, Tuna Triangle, Indo-China, Syria, Ivory Coast (Elephant Land, Jap "Shame" stamp for Conquered Philippines, etc. Includes Turkish, British, Damascus, "No Africa", Cambodia, Pirate Island, Ship, French & British Colonials, etc. —ALL GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage. **BELMONT STAMP CO. Dept. No. 10, WASHINGTON 10, D.C.**

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